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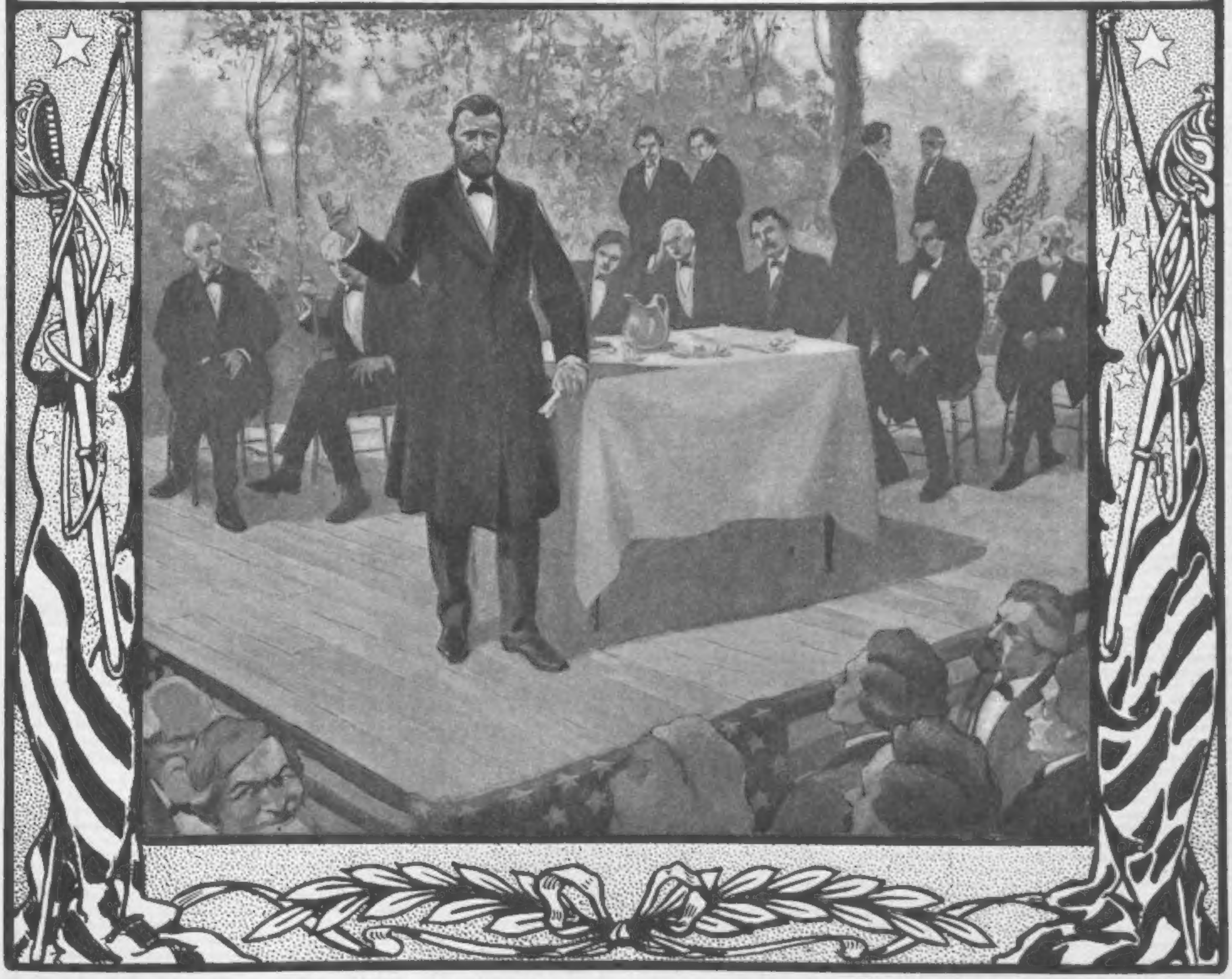
GRANT'S Two Campaigns
By Colonel A. K. McCLURE



How WE make Presidents

Grant's Two Campaigns

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE

Drawings by CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

TO THE casual reader of our political history, the election and reelection of Grant to the Presidency, immediately after the close of the war, would seem to be a result at once logical and inevitable; but there are few of the present day who have any knowledge of the many obstacles which confronted Grant in his transfer from the highest military to the highest civil duties of the nation.

It is noted that Grant, the Great Captain of the Age, was elected and reelected by large majorities; that General Hayes, another soldier of national fame, succeeded him; that General Garfield, a soldier-statesman, succeeded Hayes, defeating Hancock, the most brilliant Democratic soldier of the war, by only a few thousand on the popular vote; that Blaine, the first civilian candidate of the party, was the first Republican to suffer defeat after the political revolution of 1860; that General Harrison, another honored soldier, was successful as the Republican candidate in 1888, and that Major McKinley, now Chief Magistrate of the Republic, carried his musket as a private in the flame of battle, and came out of the war an officer promoted for gallantry. With such a line of military Presidents the natural assumption of the student of our political history would be that General Grant's election came about because none could question its fitness.

There were many and very serious obstacles to Grant's nomination for the Presidency by the Republicans in 1868. First, he was not a Republican and never had been. He never voted a Republican ticket nor cast a Republican ballot until after he had been eight years a Republican President. His last vote before he entered the Army was cast for a radical pro-slavery Democrat, and he did not even sympathize with Stephen A. Douglas in 1860, although he lived in Illinois, the home of the great Democratic leader of that day. Second, he was resolutely averse to being a candidate for the Presidency. He was General of the Army, with freedom to retire without diminution of pay; he had no political training, and felt himself unfitted for a political career. He was honest and apparently fixed in his purpose not to become a candidate. These objections at first appeared to be insuperable obstacles to Grant's nomination, but he was human, and had he declined the Presidency when it was apparently within his reach he would have stood as the only man in the history of the Republic who had refused its crown.

WHY GRANT BECAME A REPUBLICAN

The Democrats were in a hopeless condition, and they at once began a systematic movement to make him their candidate. This alarmed the Republicans, and they made equally earnest and methodical efforts to make him their leader. It is doubtful upon which side General Grant would have fallen had it not been for the early estrangement between President Johnson and himself. Johnson made repeated attempts to overslaugh him either directly or indirectly. He ordered him to Mexico to get him out of the country, but Grant refused to go, and he afterward made an earnest effort to supersede Grant by calling General Thomas to the command of the Army, but Thomas stubbornly refused to consider the call. As the Republicans were then in bitter warfare against Johnson, Grant logically found sympathy in Republican circles, and finally, with visible reluctance, he agreed to become the candidate of the Republicans. Had he been nominated by the Democrats he would have been elected, but his Administration would have greatly conserved and liberalized the Democratic teachings of that day. His final assent to become the Republican candidate for President was obtained by the late Colonel Forney.

I was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1868, held in Chicago on May 21, and as Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation cast the vote of the State for Grant for President and for Curtin for Vice-President. There was not a dissent to Grant's nomination in the entire convention. The Republicans did not stop to inquire what his political record had been; they knew that he was the implacable foe of President Johnson, and that was enough. Most of the Republican politicians would have preferred a more tractable man, but none had the courage to cast a vote against him.

When notified of his nomination, Grant electrified the country by his very brief letter of acceptance, ending with the sentence, "Let us have peace." Such an expression coming from the great hero of the war, whose whole distinction had been won in the field, was welcomed throughout the entire country, North and South, and he at once stood before the nation as an invincible candidate.

THE POLITICAL DEATH OF SENATOR WADE

The swift mutations in American politics were strangely illustrated in the nomination for Vice-President at that convention. Senator Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, who was about closing a term of eighteen years in the service of the Senate; who was then President *pro tem.* of that body, and who was expected to reach the Presidency for a period of eight months by the impeachment and dismissal of President Johnson, was the prominent candidate for Vice-President before the meeting of the convention. It was generally believed that Johnson would be successfully impeached; that Wade would become President for the remainder of the term, with illimitable patronage, and that his nomination for the Vice-Presidency was apparently assured. But when the delegates were on their way to Chicago the trained lightning sped the message westward that Johnson had been acquitted by a single vote in the Senate, and that ended Wade's candidacy. He had many friends independent of the prospective power that had made him formidable, and they made a stubborn battle for him, but though he was highest of all on the first ballot, on the fifth and final vote he had but 38 votes, to 541 for Schuyler Colfax, and 69 for Senator Fenton, of New York. Thus two crushing disasters had befallen Wade in a single week. He had the Presidency apparently within his grasp—and this would have carried the Vice-Presidency for another term—but he was smitten in both efforts, and the crowning disaster came soon after, when he was defeated for reëlection to the Senate. He was the sturdy, bluff, uncompromising patriot of the Senate during the war, and after these three disasters came upon him in quick succession the old man groped his way along for a few years in solitude and then slept the dreamless sleep of the dead.

HOW TILDEN BROKE THE DEMOCRATIC SLATE

The Democratic National Convention met in New York on July 4, and the Democratic leaders had planned to take a Republican for President, to offset the nomination of a Democrat by the Republican convention. It was regarded as settled by a confidential circle of leaders when the convention met in New York that Salmon P. Chase, who had become estranged from the Republican party, and who as Chief Justice had presided over the impeachment trial and aided in the acquittal of Johnson, would be nominated. Horatio Seymour, the ablest Democrat of that day, was President of the convention, and he had no more idea of being nominated for President than he had of becoming the Czar of Russia. He expected Chase to be nominated, and Chase would have been nominated but for the subtle and masterly strategy of Samuel J. Tilden, who decided that Chase must be defeated.

A conference of the leading friends of Davis and Greeley was held the night before the convention met

Tilden was a master leader, as cunning as he was able, and he quietly but thoroughly organized the plan to nominate Seymour. It had been arranged that Seymour was to leave the chair to nominate Chase, and therefore when Seymour called another to preside the Tilden strategy completed its purpose by an able delegate demanding the nomination of Horatio Seymour, and delivering a most eloquent and impressive eulogy upon the confessed leader of the Democracy. In vain did Seymour give a peremptory declination. The convention had been organized for its work, and men in nearly every delegation who had been assigned to their task rose and swelled the hurrah for Seymour. When he found the tide was likely to be overwhelming, he declared with equal earnestness and pathos, "Your candidate I cannot be"; but the wave sped on and Seymour was made the candidate by a practically unanimous vote.

He was prevailed upon to consider the subject, and that meant, of course, that he could not decline. There had been twenty-one ballots before the nomination of Seymour, in which Pendleton, Hancock and Hendricks were the leading competitors. It was then that the nomination of Chase was expected to be made just as the nomination of Seymour was made, and Tilden's was the master hand that shaped the action of the convention. Failing to nominate an old Republican for the Presidency, the convention then nominated General Frank P. Blair, the Republican leader in Congress when the war began, and one of the most successful and brilliant of our volunteer corps commanders in Sherman's march to the sea.

HOW MRS. SPRAGUE AVENGED HER FATHER

This action of Tilden defeating Chase in the Democratic convention of 1868 had its sequel with mingled romance and reality in the defeat of Tilden for the Presidency in 1877, when the vote of Louisiana was passed upon by the Senate. Kate Chase Sprague was the most brilliant woman in Washington society during the war period, and in every way one of the most attractive. Her home in Washington was the centre of the most accomplished men in public life, and among them was Roscoe Conkling, the ablest of the Republican Senators. The contest for the Presidency before the electoral commission in 1876-7 turned on the vote of Louisiana, and it required the approving vote of the Senate to give the electoral vote of that State to Hayes. Had it been given to Tilden he would have been the President. Many believed that Hayes had not been elected and should not be declared elected, and among those who shared that conviction was Mr. Conkling, although he did not publicly express it.

The Senate was carefully canvassed, and enough Republican votes were marshaled to throw the vote of the Senate in favor of Tilden on the Louisiana issue if Conkling would lead in support of that policy, and it was understood that he had agreed to do so. When the crucial time came Conkling did not appear at all, and the anti-Hayes Republicans, being without a leader, fell back to their party lines and gave the vote of the State and the Presidential certificate to Hayes. It is an open secret that Conkling was influenced by Mrs. Sprague, who thereby avenged the defeat of her father in the Democratic nomination of 1868, that had been accomplished by Tilden; and thus Tilden lost the Presidency to which he had been elected by a popular majority of over 250,000.

The contest of 1868 was very animated, though hopeless for Seymour, from the start. He took the stump after the October elections, which were adverse to him, and delivered speeches of great ability, but he was overwhelmingly defeated, receiving but 80 votes in the electoral college, to 214 for Grant, and of the 80 votes he received the 33 given to him in New York were of very questionable integrity.

In 1872 Grant was reelected President over Horace Greeley, the candidate of the Democrats and Liberal Republicans, by a popular majority of 762,991, and in the electoral college received 300 votes, to 42 for Hendricks, 18 for B. Gratz Brown and six scattering. Greeley had died soon after the Presidential election in November and before the electoral colleges met in their respective States.

General Grant had not been eminently successful as a political leader, and before the close of his term he had arrayed against him a number of the ablest men of the party, including such Senatorial leaders as Trumbull, Fenton and Schurz, with Horace Greeley, the ablest Republican editor; Charles Francis Adams, Swett and Davis, of Illinois, the closest friends of Lincoln; General Frank P. Blair, Representative Grow, of Pennsylvania, and many others.

THE REACTIONARY MOVEMENT AGAINST GRANT

The Administration of Grant had become intensely sectional and intensely factional. It was intolerant of criticism, and Grant's disregard of Republican sentiment in sustaining many of his favorites who brought scandals upon his Administration aroused the opposition to revolutionary action. The first movement in the campaign was a call issued by a large number of prominent Republicans throughout the country for a Liberal Republican Convention to meet at Cincinnati on May 1, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. I was a member of that convention and Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation, and had charge of the campaign in this State as Chairman of the State Committee. The convention was a remarkable assembly of very able independents in politics. The movement was supported by such able Republican journals as the New York

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Editor's Note—This is the third paper in Colonel McClure's series, How We Make Presidents. The series was begun in the Post of January 6. Each paper is complete in itself.

Tribune, the Springfield Republican, the Philadelphia Press, the Cincinnati Commercial and the Chicago Tribune, and had the deliberations of the convention been wisely directed Grant would have been defeated for reëlection.

Such an assertion will doubtless be questioned at this day by those who remember only what is commonly called the Greeley political fiasco of 1872; but at the time the Cincinnati convention met an overwhelming majority of the American people would have voted to defeat Grant had it been possible to do so without apprehension of disturbed financial conditions as the inevitable result.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRATIONS OF HORACE GREELEY

I had known Mr. Greeley for many years and cherished the sincerest affection and veneration for him. I first met him in Philadelphia at the Whig convention that nominated Taylor in 1848 when I was a boy editor, and his kind treatment made me his devoted friend thereafter. I always visited him when in New York, and was ever subject to his call for any service to his journal. When the Liberal agitation began, the prominent candidates discussed were Horace Greeley, Charles Francis Adams, David Davis, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri. Greeley became intensely interested in his own nomination. He felt that he had devoted his life to the best efforts for his country, and especially for the lowly. He was the foremost of all in the great battle for the overthrow of slavery, and he craved the recognition of his work by an election to the Presidency. Before the convention met he made an appointment to meet me at the Colonnade Hotel in Philadelphia. He felt that he could speak with entire freedom to me, and he opened his heart to the full extent of saying how much he desired the nomination and what it meant to him.

Could I have made him President I would gladly have done so, but I knew that he could not be elected, and told him so with frankness that he appreciated. He yielded to my judgment as to his availability, and accepted the suggestion that had then been made generally by the more conservative of the Liberal Republicans, that David Davis would be the only candidate who could certainly defeat Grant. He was the trusted friend and executor of Lincoln. He was conservative, able and clear-headed, and the business interests of the country would have had entire confidence in him. In answer to my statement that the Democrats certainly could not be united in Greeley's favor and without which an election could not be accomplished, he said: "Well, if they won't take me head foremost they might take me boots foremost," meaning for Vice-President. I said I did not doubt that his nomination for the second place could be accomplished with every prospect of success at the election. We parted with the distinct understanding that his friends should move unitedly to nominate David Davis for President and Greeley for Vice-President.

When we reached Cincinnati a conference of the leading friends of Davis and Greeley was held the night before the convention met, Senator Fenton being present as the leader of the Greeley forces. Leonard Swett, the immediate representative of Davis, was present, along with John D. Defrees, of Indiana, and a number of others. The plan of operation was agreed upon, and when we adjourned to enjoy a late supper we regarded it as settled that Davis and Greeley would be nominated on the next day.

THE NOMINATION OF GREELEY AND BROWN

About midnight it was whispered that General Frank P. Blair, as the representative of B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, and others had held a secret conference to unite the Greeley and Brown forces to make Greeley the candidate for President and Brown second on the ticket. We soon discovered that the movement had been thoroughly organized, and many Greeley men who were much more zealous than discreet at once accepted the new situation and forced even Fenton to fall back to the support of Greeley. Fenton was one of Greeley's most sincere and devoted friends, and it was with great reluctance that he joined in the effort to nominate Greeley when he felt that it could result only in crucifying him. The withdrawal of the Greeley men from the Davis-Greeley combination left Davis a hopeless candidate, as the convention was largely radical and little inclined to consider questions of expediency.

I was greatly disappointed, for I could see nothing but disaster for Greeley's nomination, and a most unmerited and overwhelming defeat for him, but with all my personal affection for him I steadily voted against him, and for Charles Francis Adams, with whom I had little sympathy, and three-fourths of the Pennsylvania delegation voted with me. On the sixth ballot Greeley's nomination was accomplished, and I did not change the vote of Pennsylvania until he received a majority of the votes of the convention. The nomination of B. Gratz Brown for Vice-President followed, practically without a contest.

—"you ought to know that I would appoint no Cabinet officer from your section without your approval"

GREELEY'S WEAKNESS

When the convention adjourned I regarded the opportunity to make a successful contest against Grant as wholly lost. Greeley had been hammering the Democrats in his pungent paragraphs for thirty years and they could have little sympathy with him, and the business interests of the country could not accept a President whose financial policy was expressed in the single sentence, "The way to resume is to resume," referring of course to the resumption of specie payments, then the most vital issue. There were a number of prominent Democrats at the convention as spectators, and I was surprised to learn before midnight that many of them had decided to favor the nomination of the Cincinnati ticket by the Democratic convention. Soon after the Democrats of Indiana held their State convention and nominated Hendricks for Governor and declared in favor of the Cincinnati ticket and platform. This was the bugle-call that made the Democratic convention that met in Baltimore in July give practically unanimous votes in favor of Greeley and Brown, and also adopt the Liberal platform without any change whatever. The Democratic National Convention was a purely perfunctory affair, as it was settled before it met that the only hope for Democracy was to fall in with the Liberal Republicans.

Grant was renominated in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, where the Republican National Convention met on June 5. As the opponents of Grant had deserted the Republican standard, his nomination was unanimous. A bitter contest arose for the Vice-Presidency. Colfax would have been renominated without a struggle along with Grant had he not suffered from disordered health during the preceding session of Congress and announced that he would not be a candidate.

Later, Colfax changed his views on the subject and made a desperate battle to win what he had thrown away, but the tide was turned against him by the Washington correspondents, who had become estranged from him, although he had once been a great favorite in newspaper row. They made a most aggressive battle against him, and really accomplished his defeat and made Henry Wilson Vice-President.

From the time that Greeley was nominated, on the first of May, until probably a month after the meeting of the Democratic convention in July, everything pointed to his triumphant election. Leading men of the party were daily announcing themselves as his supporters, and a tidal wave that would sweep Greeley into the Presidency seemed certain. But in August the great business interests of the country, then rocked in the tempest of inflation created by the war, became appalled at the prospect of the election of Greeley, whose financial and business policy would be but an experiment. All knew that the business of the country was dangerously inflated and that a disaster must come sooner or later, but they felt that it would be delayed by the reëlection of Grant, and in the brief period of one month the Greeley tide began its ebb, which doomed him to a most humiliating defeat. Had David Davis been the candidate there would have been no such apprehension in business and monetary circles, and I have never doubted that he would have been elected as the logical successor of Abraham Lincoln.

Although I had opposed the nomination of Greeley, he well understood that it was solely because I felt that I was thus a better friend to him than he was to himself, and I devoted my time to tireless effort to give him success. Outside his editorial duties, in which he was a master of masters, he was as guileless and unsophisticated as a child, and even his closest friends trembled when they regarded his election to the Presidency as more than probable. About the first of August, before the revulsion had become visible, I was sent for by Waldo Hutchings to meet the friends of Greeley in conference at the Astor House. Among those present were Mr. Hutchings, Whitelaw Reid, ex-Congressman Cochran, and several others, and they informed me that I had been sent for to call upon Greeley and earnestly admonish him against making any pledges or promises whatever, before the election, as to his Cabinet appointments. They said that if elected President his safety would be in having about him an able, faithful and discreet Cabinet, and they feared that in the kindness of his heart he would become complicated with those who sought to importune him for preferment. In order to keep him from visitors he was then hidden away in a private upstairs room in Brooklyn, where I was directed to call on my mission.

A MEMORABLE INTERVIEW WITH MR. GREELEY

I never saw a happier face than that of Greeley when I met him, as he was then entirely confident of success, and in a very kind and facetious way he reminded me that I had underestimated his strength with the people. When opportunity came in the conversation I suggested to him that a man who was elected President by a combination of opposing political interests would have very grave and complicated political duties to perform, and that he should especially avoid any Cabinet complications. With the simplicity and confidence of a child his answer was: "Don't misunderstand me; you ought to know that I would appoint no Cabinet officer from your section without your approval." He was surprised to find that I was not there to obtain promises, but to warn him against the peril of saying to others just what he had said to me, and after reviewing the conditions he agreed that his only safety was in avoiding all obligations relating to appointments until the duty confronted him.

He asked me to go to North Carolina and give a week to the campaign in that State, and to this I agreed. That was the last time that I saw the face of Horace Greeley. After the disastrous elections of October which clearly foreshadowed his defeat, he made New England and Western tours, and delivered speeches which well compare with the grandest utterances of our best statesmanship. But the tide against him was resistless, and while nursing a dying wife, and worn out by his ceaseless offices of affection, the blow came that clouded one of the noblest, purest and ablest of the great men of the land.

—stood at the tomb of Horace Greeley to pay the last tribute

On the last day that he put pen to paper he wrote me a brief letter stating that he was "a man of many sorrows," but that he "could not forget the gallant though luckless struggle" I had made in his behalf. Broken in health, bereaved in his affections, and disappointed in his greatest ambition, his reason toppled from its throne and he died an inmate of an asylum. The two chieftains of the political contest of 1872 were brought together soon after the victor and vanquished were declared; as President, Grant stood at the tomb of Horace Greeley to pay the last tribute of himself and the nation to the fallen philanthropist.

Where Woolf Learned Poverty

MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF, whose black and white sketches of street waifs endowed with most of the ambitions of more favored children have given him a lasting place in the hearts of the people, knew what it was to be poor himself. For many years he was an actor. Once his company was stranded as far away from civilization as they could possibly get. Weeks afterward Mr. Woolf walked into New York an artistic wreck. He was seedy, polished with wear, but clean. He was unshaven and wore no shirt. His boots consisted entirely of soles held to his feet by fragments of uppers, and his toes were painted black so that from a short distance he looked like a man with the gout to whom his shoemaker had been uncommonly kind.

It appeared that Woolf was the only man in the company who had received his salary in full. He had spent every cent of it in paying the railroad fares home of the women of the company, and had walked back every step of the way.

DRAWN BY JNO. CASSEL

The Haunted Inheritance

By E. Nesbit

THE most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me was my going back to town on that day. I am a reasonable being: I do not do such things. I was on a bicycling tour with another man—we were far from the mean cares of an unremunerative profession; we were men unfettered by any given address, any pledged date, any preconcerted route. I went to bed weary and cheerful, fell asleep a mere animal—a tired dog after a day's hunting—and woke at four in the morning that creature of nerves and fancies which is my other self, and which has driven me to all the follies I have ever kept company with. But even that second self of mine, whining beast and traitor as it is, has never played me such a trick as it played me then. Indeed, something in the result of that day's rash act sets me wondering whether after all it could have been I or even my other self who moved in the adventure: whether it was not rather some power outside both of us—but this is a speculation as idle in me as uninteresting to you, and so enough of it.

From four to seven I lay awake, the prey of a growing detestation of bicycling tours, friends, scenery, physical exertion, holidays. By seven o'clock I felt that I would rather perish than spend another day in the society of the other man—an excellent fellow, by the way, and the best of company. At half-past seven the postman came. I saw him through my window as I shaved. I went down to get my letters—there were none, naturally.

At breakfast I said:

"Edmundson, my dear fellow, I am extremely sorry, but my letters this morning compel me to return to town at once."

"But I thought——" said Edmundson. Then he stopped, and I saw that he had perceived in time that this was no moment for reminding me of the fact that, having given no address, I could have had no letters.

He looked sympathetic, and gave me what there was left of the bacon. I suppose that he thought that it was a love affair or some such folly. I let him think so; after all, no love affair but would have seemed wise compared with the blank folly of this sudden determination to cut short a delightful holiday—and go back to those dusty, stuffy rooms in Gray's Inn.

After that first and almost pardonable lapse Edmundson behaved beautifully. I caught the 9:17 train, and by half-past eleven I was climbing my dirty staircase.

I let myself in and waded through a heap of envelopes and wrappered circulars that had drifted in through the letter-box as dead leaves drift in through the areas of houses in squares. All the windows were shut. Dust lay thick on everything. My laundress had evidently chosen this as a good time for her holiday. I wondered idly where she spent it, and how, and the close, musty smell of the rooms caught at my senses, and I remembered with a positive pang the sweet scent of the earth and the dead leaves in that wood through which, at this very moment, the sensible and fortunate Edmundson would be riding.

The thought of dead leaves reminded me of the heap of correspondence. I went through it. Only one of all those letters interested me in the least. It was from my mother.

"ELLIOT'S BAY, NORFOLK, August 17.

"*My Dear Laurence:* I have great news for you. Your great-uncle Sefton has died and left you half his immense property. The other half is left to your second cousin, Selwyn. You must come home at once. There are heaps of letters here for you, but I dare not send them on, as goodness only knows where you may be. I do wish you would remember to leave an address. I send this to your rooms in case you have had the forethought to instruct your charwoman to send your letters on to you. It is a most handsome fortune, and I am too happy about your accession to it to scold you as you deserve—but I hope this will be a lesson to you to leave an address when next you go away. Come home at once. Your loving mother,

"MARGARET SEFTON.

"P. S.—It is the maddest will. Everything divided evenly between you two, except the house and estate. The will says you and your cousin Selwyn are to meet there on September 1, following his death, in the presence of the family, and decide which one of you is to have the house. If you can't agree, it's to be presented to the county for a lunatic asylum. I should think so. He was always so eccentric. The one who doesn't have the house gets £20,000. Of course you'll choose *that*.

"P. P. S.—Be sure to bring your undershirts with you. The air here is very keen of an evening."

I opened both the windows and lit a pipe. Sefton Manor! that gorgeous old place! I knew its picture in Hasted—cradle of our race and so on—and a big fortune! I hoped my cousin Selwyn would want the £20,000 more than he wanted the house. If he didn't—well, perhaps my fortune might be large enough to increase that £20,000 to a sum that he would want.

And then suddenly I became aware that this was the thirty-first of August, and that to-morrow was the day on which I was to meet my cousin Selwyn and the family and come to a decision about the house. I had never to my knowledge heard of my cousin Selwyn; we were a family rich in collateral branches. I hoped he would be a reasonable young man. Also, I had never seen Sefton Manor House except in a print. It occurred to me that I would rather see the house before I saw the cousin.

I caught the next train to Sefton.

"It's but a mile by the field way," said the railway porter. "You take the stile—the first on the left—and follow the path till you come to the wood. Then skirt along the left of it and cater across the meadow at the end. You'll see the place right below you in the vale."

"Sefton Manor is a fine old place, I hear?" said I.

"All to pieces, though," said he. "I shouldn't wonder if it cost a couple of hundreds to put it to rights. Water coming through the roof and all."

"But surely the owner——"

"Oh, he never lived there—not since his son was taken. He lived in the lodge; it's on the brow of the hill looking down on the Manor House."

"Is the house empty?"

"As empty as a rotten nut-shell except for the old sticks and furniture. Any one who likes," added the porter, "can lie there o' nights—but it wouldn't be me!"

"Do you mean there's a ghost?" I hope I kept any note of undue elation out of my voice.

"I don't hold with ghosts," said the porter, grinning, "but my aunt was in service at the lodge, and there's no doubt but *something* walks there."

"Come," I said, "this is very interesting." I gave the man a shilling and he told me about the ghost at Sefton Manor House. Indeed, about the *ghosts*, for there were two, it seemed: a lady in white and a gentleman in a slouch hat and riding-cloak.

"They do say," said my porter, "as how one of the young ladies, once on a time, was wishful to elope, and started so to do—not getting farther than the hall door—her father, thinking it to be burglars, fired out of the window, and the happy pair fell on the doorstep, corpses."

"Is it true, do you think?"

The porter did not know. At any rate, there was a tablet in the church to Maria Sefton and George Ballard—and "something about in their death them not being divided."

I took the stile, I skirted the wood, I tramped across the meadows, and I came out on a chalky ridge held in a net of pine roots where dog violets grew. Below stretched the green park, dotted with trees. The lodge, stuccoed but solid, lay below me. Smoke came from its chimneys. Lower still lay the Manor House—red brick with gray lichened mullions—a house in a thousand—Elizabethan—and from its twisted, beautiful chimneys no smoke arose. I hurried across the short turf toward the Manor House. I had no difficulty in getting into the great garden. The bricks of the wall were everywhere displaced or crumbling. The ivy had forced the coping-stones away; each red buttress offered a dozen spots for foothold. I climbed the wall, and found myself in a garden—oh, but such a garden! There are not half a dozen such in England. Clipped box hedges, rosaries, fountains, yew-tree avenues, bowers of clematis, now feathery in its seeding time, great trees, gray-grown marble balustrades and steps, terraces, green lawns—one green lawn in special, girt around with a sweet-briar hedge, and in the middle of this lawn a sun-dial. All this was mine—or, to be more exact, might be mine, should my cousin Selwyn prove to be a person of sense. How I prayed that he might not be a person of taste! That he might be a person who liked yachts, or race-horses, or diamonds—or anything that money can buy—not a person who liked beautiful Elizabethan houses, and gardens old beyond belief.

The sun-dial stood on a mass of masonry—too low and wide to be called a pillar. I mounted the two brick steps and leaned over to read the date and the motto:

"TEMPVS FVGIT MANET AMOR"

The date was 1617; the initials S. S. surmounted it. The face of the dial was unusually ornate—a wreath of stiffly drawn roses was traced outside the circle of the numbers. As I leaned there a sudden movement on the other side of the pedestal compelled my attention. I leaned over a little farther to see what had rustled. A rat? A rabbit? A flash of pink struck at my eyes—a lady in a pink dress was sitting on the step at the other side of the sun-dial.

I suppose some exclamation escaped me—the lady looked up. Her hair was dark—and her eyes! her face was pink and white, with a few little gold-colored freckles on nose and on cheekbones. Her dress was of pink cotton stuff, thin and soft. She looked like a beautiful pink rose.

Our eyes met.

"I beg your pardon," said I. "I had no idea——" There I stopped, and tried to crawl back to firm ground. Graceful explanations are not best given by one sprawling on his stomach across a sun-dial.

By the time I was once more on my feet she too was standing.

"It is a beautiful old place," she said gently, or, as it seemed, with a kindly wish to relieve my embarrassment. She made a movement as if to turn away.

"Quite a show place," said I, stupidly enough, but I was still a little embarrassed, and I wanted to say something—anything

MY LAUNDRESS HAD EVIDENTLY CHOSEN THIS AS A GOOD TIME FOR HER HOLIDAY

DRAWN BY JNO. CASSEL

to arrest her departure. You have no idea how pretty she was. She had a straw hat in her hand, dangling by soft black ribbons. Her hair was all fluffy—soft, like a child's.

"I suppose you have seen the house?" I asked.

She paused, one foot still on the lower step of the sun-dial, and her face seemed to brighten at the touch of some idea, as sudden as welcome.

"Well, no," she said; "the fact is—I wanted frightfully to see the house. In fact, I've come miles and miles on purpose—but there's no one to let me in."

"The people at the lodge?" I suggested.

"Oh, no," she said. "I—the fact is, I—I don't want to be shown around—I want to explore!" She looked at me critically. Her eyes dwelt on my right hand, which lay on the sun-dial.

I have always taken reasonable care of my hands, and I wore a good ring—a sapphire cut with the Sefton arms: an heirloom, by the way. Her glance at my hand preluded a longer glance at my face. Then she shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Oh, well," she said, and it was as if she had said plainly, "I see that you are a gentleman and a decent fellow—why should I not look over a house in your company? Introductions? Bah!"

All this her shrug said without mistake, as without words.

"Perhaps," I hazarded, "I could get the keys."

"Do you really care very much for old houses?"

"I do," said I; "and you?"

"I care so much that I nearly broke into this one. I should have if the windows had been an inch or two lower."

"I am an inch or two higher," said I, standing squarely so as to make the most of my six feet two beside her five feet four, or thereabouts.

"Oh, if you only would," said she.

"Why not?" said I.

She led the way past the marble basin of the fountain, and along the historic yew avenue, planted like all old yew avenues by that industrious gardener, our Eighth Henry; then across a lawn and through a winding, grassy, shrubbery path that ended at a green door in the garden wall.

"You can lift this latch with a hairpin," said she, and I therewith lifted it.

We walked into a courtyard. Young grass grew green between the gray flags on which our steps echoed.

"This is the window," said she; "you see, there's a pane broken. If you could get on to the window-sill you could get your hand in and undo the hasp—and——"

"And you?"

"Oh, you'll let me in by the kitchen door."

I did it. My conscience called me a burglar in vain. Was it not my house, or as good as my own house?

I let her in at the back door. We walked through the great dark kitchen, where the old three-legged pot towered large on the hearth, and the old spits and fire-dogs still kept their ancient place. Then through another kitchen, where red rust was making its full meal of a comparatively modern range.

Then into the great hall where the old armor and the buff-coats and round caps hung on the walls, and where the carved stone staircases ran at each side up to the gallery above.

The long tables that ran down the hall were scored by the knives of the many who had eaten meat there—initials and dates were cut into them. The roof was groined, the windows were low-arched.

"Oh, but what a place!" said she. "This must be much older than the rest of it."

"Evidently; about 1300, I should say."

"Oh, let us explore the rest," she cried; "it is really a comfort not to have a guide, but only a person like you who just guesses comfortably at dates. I should hate to be told exactly when this place was built."

We explored ballroom and picture gallery, white parlor and library. Most of the rooms were furnished—all heavily, some magnificently—but everything was dusty and faded.

It was in the white parlor, a spacious paneled room on the first floor, that she told me the ghost story, substantially the same as my porter's tale, only in one respect different.

"And so, just as she was leaving this very room—yes, I'm sure it was this room, because the woman at the inn pointed out this double window and told me so—just as the poor lovers were creeping out of the door the cruel father came quickly out of some dark place and killed them both. So now they haunt it."

"It's a terrible thought," said I gravely; "and how would you like to live in a haunted house?"

"I couldn't," said she quickly.

"Nor I. It would be too——" My speech would have ended flippantly but for the grave set of her features.

"I wonder who will live here," she said; "the owner is just dead, they say. It is an awful house, full of ghosts. Of course one is not afraid now." The sunlight lay golden and soft on the dusty parquet of the floor. "But at night, when the wind wails and doors creak—oh, it must be awful!"

"I hear the house has been left to two people—or rather, one is to have the house and the other a sum of money," said I. "It's a beautiful house, full of beautiful things, but I should think at least one of the heirs would rather have the money."

"Oh, yes, I should think so, certainly. I wonder whether the heirs know about the ghost. The lights can be seen from the inn, you know, at twelve o'clock. They can see the ghost in white at the window."

"Never the black one?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"The ghosts don't appear together?"

"No."

"I suppose," said I, "whatever it is that manages such things knows that the poor ghosts would like to be together, so it won't let them."

She shivered.

"Come," she said, "we have seen all over the house; let us get back into the sunshine. Now I will go out and you shall bolt the door after me, and then you can come out by the window. Thank you so much for all the trouble you have taken. It has really been quite an adventure."

I rather liked that expression—and she hastened to spoil it.

"Quite an adventure, going all over this glorious old place, and looking at everything one wanted to see, and not just at what the housekeeper didn't mind your looking at."

She passed through the door, but when I had closed it and prepared to lock it I found that the key was no longer in the lock. I looked on the floor, I felt in my pockets, and at last, wandering back into the kitchen, discovered it on the table, where I'm sure I never put it.

DRAWN BY IND. CASSEL

"DEAR," SAID I, AND WE WERE NEITHER OF US LAUGHING THEN, "CAN'T IT BE *OUR* HOUSE?"

When I had fitted that key into the lock and turned it and got out of the window and made that fast, I dropped into the yard. No one shared its solitude with me. I searched garden and pleasure grounds, but never a glimpse of pink rewarded my anxious eyes. I found the sun-dial again and stretched myself along the warm brick of the wide step where she had sat, and called myself a fool.

I had let her go—I did not know her name—I did not know where she lived. She had been at the inn, but probably only for lunch. I should never see her again, and certainly in that event I should never see again such dark, soft eyes, such hair, such a contour of cheek and chin, such a frank smile—in a word, a girl with whom it would be so delightfully natural for me to fall in love. In all the time she had been talking to me of architecture and archæology, of dates and periods, of carvings and mouldings, I had been recklessly falling in love with the idea of falling in love with her. I had cherished and adored this delightful possibility, and now my chance was over. Even *I* could not definitely fall in love after one interview with a girl I was never to see again! And falling in love is so pleasant! I cursed my lost chance, and went back to the inn. I talked to the waiter.

"Yes, a lady in pink had lunched there—with a party—had gone on to the Castle—a party from Tonbridge, it was."

Barnhurst Castle is close to Sefton Manor. The inn lays itself out to entertain persons who come in brakes and carve their names on the walls of the Castle keep. The inn has a visitors' book. I examined it. Some twenty feminine names! Any one might be hers. The waiter looked over my shoulder. I turned the pages.

"Only parties staying in the house in this end of the book," said the waiter.

My eye caught one name.

"Selwyn Sefton," in a clear, round, black handwriting.

"Staying here?" I pointed to the name.

"Yes, sir. Came to-day, sir."

"Can I have a private sitting-room?"

I had one. I ordered my dinner to be served in it, and I sat down and considered my course of action.

Should I invite my cousin Selwyn to dinner and ply him with wine and exact promises? Honor forbade! Should I seek him out and try to establish friendly relations? To what end?

Then I saw from my window a young man in a light checked suit, with a face at once pallid and coarse. He strolled along the gravel path, and a woman's voice in the garden called, "Selwyn."

He disappeared in the direction of the voice. I don't think I ever disliked a man so much at first sight.

"Brute!" said I; "why should he have the house? He'd stucco it all over, as likely as not; perhaps let it. He'd never stand the ghost, either——"

Then the inexcusable darling idea of my life came to me—striking me rigid—a blow from my other self. It must have been a minute or more before my muscles relaxed, and my arms fell at my sides.

"I'll do it," I said.

I dined. I told the people of the house not to sit up for me—I was going to see friends in the neighborhood and might stay the night with them. I took my Inverness cape with me on my arm, and my soft felt hat in my pocket. I wore a light suit and a straw hat.

Before I started I leaned cautiously from my window. The lamp at the bow window next to mine showed me the pallid young man smoking a fat, reeking cigar. I hoped he would continue to sit there smoking. His window looked the right way. And if he didn't see what I wanted him to see some one else in the inn would. The landlady had assured me that I should disturb no one if I came in at half-past twelve.

I bought candles in the village, and as I went down across the park in the soft darkness I turned again and again to be sure that the light and the pallid young man were still at that window. It was now past eleven.

I got into the house. I lighted a candle and crept through the dark kitchens, whose windows, I knew, did not look toward the inn. When I came to the hall I blew out my candle. I dared not show light prematurely in the unhaunted part of the house.

I gave myself a nasty knock against one of the long tables, but it helped me to get my bearings, and presently I laid my hands on the stone balustrade of the great staircase. You would hardly believe me if I were to tell you truly of my

sensations as I began to grope these stairs. I am not a coward—at least, I had never thought so till then—but the absolute darkness unmanned me. I had to go slowly, or I should have lost my head and blundered up the steps three at a time, so strong was the feeling of something—something uncanny just behind me.

I set my teeth—I reached the top of the stairs, felt along the walls, and after a false start, which landed me in the great picture gallery, I found the white parlor, entered it, closed the door, and felt my way to a little room without a window, which must have been a powdering-room.

Here I ventured to relight my candle.

Then I closed the powdering-room door behind me. I felt my way to the mantelpiece and took down the two brass twenty-light candelabra. I placed these on a table a yard or two from the window, and in them set up my candles.

Then I went back into my little room, put on the Inverness cape and the slouch hat, and looked at my watch. Eleven-thirty. I must wait. I sat down and waited. The chill of the night and of the damp, unused house made me shiver.

Finally I opened the door, crept on hands and knees to the table, and keeping myself below the level of the windows, I reached up a trembling arm and lighted one by one my forty candles. The room was a blaze of light. My courage came back to me with the retreat of the darkness. I was far too excited to know what a fool I was making of myself. I rose boldly and struck an attitude over against one window where the candlelight shone upon as well as behind me. My Inverness was flung jauntily over my shoulder. My soft black felt twisted and slouched over my eyes.

There I stood for the world—and particularly for my cousin Selwyn—to see; the very spit and image of the ghost that haunted that chamber. And from my window I could see the light in that other window, and indistinctly the lounging figure there. Then I heard deep down in the house a sound, very slight, very faint.

Then came silence. I drew a deep breath. The silence endured. And I stood by my lighted window. After a very long time, as it seemed, I heard a board creak, and then a soft, rustling sound that drew near and seemed to pause outside the very door of my parlor.

Again I held my breath, and now I thought of the most horrible story Poe ever wrote—The Fall of the House of Usher—and I fancied that I saw the handle of that door move. The fancy passed and returned.

Then again there was silence. And then the door opened with a soft, silent suddenness, and I saw in the doorway a figure in trailing white. Its eyes blazed in a death-white face. It made two ghostly, gliding steps forward, and my heart stood still. I had not thought it possible for a man to experience so sharp a pang of sheer terror. I had masqueraded as one of the ghosts in this accursed house. Well, the other ghost, the real one, had come to meet me.

The ghost, I say, took two steps forward, then it threw up its arms—the lighted taper it carried fell on the floor, and it reeled back against the door with its arms across its face.

The fall of the candle woke me as from a nightmare. I perceived that my ghost was human; I cried incoherently: "Don't! It's all right!"

The ghost dropped its hands and turned agonized eyes on me. I tore off my cloak and hat.

"I—didn't—scream," she said, and with that I sprang forward and caught her in my arms—my poor, pink lady—white now as a white rose!

I carried her into the powdering-room, left one candle with her, extinguishing the others hastily, for now I saw what, in my extravagant folly, had escaped me before—that my ghost exhibition might bring the whole village down on the house. How, in the madness of that night's folly, I had thought to bring a flask passes my understanding. But I had done it. Now I rubbed her hands with some of the contents. I rubbed her temples and tried to force some between her lips. At last she sighed and opened her eyes.

"Are you better?"

She moved her head on my arm. Again she sighed, and her eyes closed. I gave her more brandy.

"I'm all right now," she said faintly. "It served me right. How silly it all is." Then she began to laugh, and then she began to cry.

It was at this moment that we heard voices on the terrace below. She clutched at my arm in a frenzy of terror, the bright tears glistening on her cheeks.

"Oh, not any more!" she cried. "I can't bear it."

"Hush!" I said, taking her hand strongly in mine; "I've played the fool, so have you—we must play the man now. The people in the village have seen the lights, that's all. They think we're burglars. They can't get in. Keep quiet, and they'll go away."

But when they did go away they left the local constable on guard. He kept guard like a man till daylight began to creep over the hill, and then he crawled into the hayloft and fell asleep; small blame to him.

But through those long hours I sat beside her and held her hand. At first she clung to me as a frightened child clings, and her tears were the prettiest, saddest things to see.

As we grew calmer we talked.

"I did it to frighten my cousin," I owned. "I am Laurence Sefton, and the place is to go either to me or to my cousin Selwyn. And I wanted to frighten him off it."

She looked at me.

"I don't know how I ever could have thought I was brave enough to do it—but I did want the house so—and I wanted to frighten you," my pink lady said at last.

"To frighten *me?* Why?"

"Because I am your cousin Selwyn," she said, hiding her face in her hands.

"And you knew me?" I asked.

"By your ring," she said. "I saw your father wear it when I was a little girl. Can't we go back to the inn now?"

"Not unless you want every one to know how silly we have been."

"And who is to have the house?" she said.

"Why, you, of course!"

"I never will."

"Why?"

"Oh—because!"

"Can't we put off the decision?" I asked.

"Impossible. We must decide to-morrow—to-day."

"Well—when we meet to-morrow—I mean to-day—with lawyers and chaperons and mothers and relations, give me one word alone with you."

"Yes," she said with docility.

"Do you know," she said presently, "I can never respect myself again. To undertake a thing like that—then be so frightened—oh, I thought you really were the other ghost."

"I will tell you a secret," said I. "I thought you were—and I was much more frightened than you."

"Oh, well," she said, leaning against my shoulder as a tired child might have done, "if you were frightened, too, Cousin Laurence, I don't mind so very, very much."

It was then that, cautiously looking out of the parlor window for the twentieth time, I had the happiness of seeing the local police disappear into the stable, rubbing his eyes.

We got out of a window on the other side of the house, and went back to the inn across the dewy park. The French window of the sitting-room which had let her out let us both in. No one was stirring, so no one, save she and I, was any the wiser as to that night's work.

It was like a garden-party next day, when lawyers and executors and aunts and relatives met on the terrace in front of Sefton Manor House.

"Your decision," said my great-uncle's solicitor, "has to be given within the hour."

"My cousin and I will announce it within that time," I said, and gave her my arm.

Arrived at the sun-dial, we stopped.

"This is my proposal," I said; "we will say that we decide that the house is yours—we will spend the £20,000 in restoring it and the grounds. By the time that's done we can decide who is to have it."

"But how?"

"Oh—we'll draw lots—or toss a halfpenny."

"I'd rather decide now," she said. "You take it."

"No—you shall."

"I'd rather you had it. I—I don't feel so greedy as I did yesterday," she said.

"Neither do I. Or, at any rate, not in the same way."

"Do—do take the house," she said very earnestly.

Then I said: "My cousin Selwyn, unless you take the house I shall make you an offer of marriage."

"Oh!" she breathed.

"And when you have declined it on the very proper grounds of our too slight acquaintance, I will take my turn at declining. I will decline the house. Then if you are obdurate, it will become an asylum. Don't be obdurate. Pretend to take the house, and——"

"Very well," she said, "I will pretend to take the house, and when it is restored——"

"We'll spin the penny."

So, before the waiting relatives, the house was adjudged to my cousin Selwyn.

When the restoration was complete I met Selwyn at the sun-dial. We had met there often in the course of the restoration, in which business we both took an extravagant interest.

"Now," I said, "we'll spin the penny. Heads, you win."

I spun the coin. It fell on the brick steps of the sun-dial, and stuck upright there, wedged between two bricks.

She laughed. I laughed.

"It's not my house," I said.

"It's not my house," said she.

"Dear," said I, and we were neither of us laughing then, "can't it be *our* house?"

And, thank God, our house it is!

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

LORD PAUNCEFOTE, WHO IS THE DEAN OF THE CORPS

WASHINGTON,
January, 1900.

I REMEMBER somewhere in my reading a saying of Bulwer's to this effect: "Society is a wall of strong masonry; it may be snapped in the course of a thousand years, but stormed in a day—No!" And I am beginning to find this out. Here I have been for several weeks knocking steadily at society's inner door and it still remains closed to me, though I am cheered by the light which shines through the keyhole. I have been careful that my knocking should be gentle and persuasive rather than loud or aggressive, so that those within may perhaps be tempted to open a crevice just to find out whose is the velvet hand.

The outer door has already swung wide open, and I have crossed the door-sill almost with a bound. In consequence, there have been so many happenings and I have met so many brilliant people and heard so much gossip that I scarcely know where to begin my chronicle.

I have not dared to let any one, not even Robert, nor yet Page, know how utterly impressed I have been by some events, notably by that of the New Year reception at the White House. I have been afraid that if I did they would say, "Poor thing! No wonder she is impressed; she is a new Congressman's wife; she comes from Spruce City."

But others were as much impressed by the spectacle at the White House as I. In the first place, the official set had just emerged from the mourning period of thirty days imposed out of respect to the memory of the Vice-President, and the last of December had been given over to the *débutantes*, who bloomed into society by dozens. Congress had adjourned, and there was little going on. I had had one or two teas and one delightful breakfast given by Mrs. Frye, wife of the President of the Senate *pro tem.* This breakfast was unique for the reason that it was given in the Senator's committee-room at the Capitol, and the mingling of official and resident women made it informal and charming, like the hostess herself. Notwithstanding these pleasant events, December was dull; therefore, when New Year's Day came around every one who had the right to go to the White House was glad enough of the privilege.

I was one of the lucky ones bidden on that day behind the receiving line in the Blue Room. I dreaded to face the ordeal alone, for Robert could not join me until he had paid his respects to the great Chief. But you may be sure that I did not miss any feature of the whole pageant. I was astonished to find that no way has ever been devised to mark the line in the Blue Room where the receiving party stands save the very primitive fashion of drawing out across the room the blue upholstered sofas and chairs, with their backs turned outward to form a barrier to the crowd. In front of this barrier the receiving party stands; behind it are those bidden as guests.

What with the decorations, the uniforms, the military band, the buglers, the etiquette and the official atmosphere pervading everything, the occasion was more like that of a foreign court than anything American. I had only a few minutes in which to gaze around, and it seemed to me that the entire crowd was made up of people, particularly of women, known all over the land. There were young girls and old girls, wives and widows of Generals, Admirals, Judges and Cabinet officers. Some with bonnets and some without, but one and all in festal array.

I saw two or three representatives of former White House dynasties in the persons of Mrs. Harriett Lane Johnston, Mrs. Fred. Grant and Mrs. Stanley Brown. The latter, more familiarly known as Molly Garfield, is a perfect picture of the best type of young American womanhood.

I saw Mrs. Miles, wife of the General of the Army, and Mrs. Philip Sheridan, and Mrs. Henderson, wife of the new Speaker, who is a demure, quiet-looking woman about whom there is some speculation as to the part she will play in the social world. Time was, I am told, when the wife of the Speaker was a brilliant figure in Washington life, but it must have been years ago. Last but not least in all the throng was Mrs. George Dewey. Of course Mrs. Dewey was the centre of attention, and she was most exquisitely gowned in white brocaded satin. As I stared around I could not help a sigh of relief. If I did come from Spruce City, and if I should even be called a "wild and woolly" Westerner, my gown was as handsome and as *chic* as any in the room, not even excepting that of Mrs. Dewey. Robert had thought that I was terribly overdressed when we started from home.

THE WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in the series, The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife. The series will run through twelve numbers. Each paper is complete in itself.

He even demurred at going with me "rigged out" in white, as he styled it, and I was only waiting for him to see these other women. I was thinking this when a blast from the buglers announced the coming of the Presidential party.

Mrs. McKinley never looked so well as in the mauve brocade, with its spangles and flounces of point lace, which she wore. She sat in her half-upright chair, next to the President, for she does not stand on these occasions.

Mrs. Hay, who was next in rank, stood beside Mrs. McKinley, and right here I should like to know whether or not there is a secret understanding among all stout women which pledges them always to wear besprigged and bestriped material? I do not believe I ever saw a woman of generous proportions who was not thus attired. Mrs. Hay wore a black lace gown, of which the very large pattern was well defined and stood out clearly from the bright canary silk slip underneath.

Next to Mrs. Hay stood Mrs. Gage, a lovely looking woman. Next to her was Mrs. Root; then came respectively Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Smith, Miss Long and Miss Wilson. Taking them all in all, they seemed rather uninteresting, though perhaps a Spruce City denizen would not be esteemed much of a judge.

Almost as soon as they were all in their places, Colonel Bingham and his two aides, in gorgeous uniforms, announced the diplomatic corps, and Mr. Hay began the presentations to the President.

The diplomatic corps, which consists of six Ambassadors and twenty-two Ministers, together with their respective staffs, was headed by Lord Pauncefote, who is the dean of the corps. He was in full court dress, and his coat was a mass of gold embroidery. At his side he carried a small jeweled sword, and on his breast was a row of decorations, while around his neck on a scarlet ribbon hung the Order of K. C. B. His wife and daughters were with him. They are comfortable, buxom-looking women, with about as much style as belongs to the true Britisher. Of course the staff of the Embassy was with him, including Mr. Bromley, the new son-in-law-to-be.

After the British Ambassador, the other Ambassadors and Ministers crowded in quick succession, and a showy lot they were. I never saw anything more picturesque than was the Austria-Hungary Minister. He was a whole scene out of grand opera in himself. He wore a red velvet mantle, edged with sable, which was flung over one shoulder. A pair of shiny top-boots of patent leather were finished off with red velvet breeches. He carried a pointed hat and wore a begemmed sword. I fully expected him to pull out from under his cloak a guitar or mandolin and trill out a troubadour song.

The next figure that caught my attention was the Spanish Minister, the Duke of Arcos. He wore across his breast the red and yellow sash of his country, which was quite covered with jeweled orders. With him was his American wife, who was Miss Lowery, of Washington, and who, I am told, was a great belle. Their wooing was a pretty romance in its day. He was, twenty years ago, only poor Count Brunetti, and far too impecunious to marry, but happily a considerately dying uncle made him a Duke with plenty of money. He came back; "they lived happy ever after."

—THE LAST OF THE FOREIGNERS HAD MADE THEIR BOWS

But the most remarkable personages of the day were the Chinese Minister, Mr. Wu, and his wife. Mr. Wu Ting-fang is said to be far and away the most learned, the wisest, and the most scholarly man in the diplomatic corps. He speaks all modern languages, and is so keen an English scholar that there is no meaning so fine, no wit so far-fetched, that he cannot answer it with a wit and meaning equally fine and to the point. He is simply wonderful. To be sure, he possesses considerable curiosity, and asks embarrassing questions, but he is delightful to talk to. His get-up was of course brilliant, though the blending of his rich brocades was perfect. He wore on his head a bright red cap with a gold tuft on the top of it and a jewel in the front. On his thumb was a jade ring the size of a silver half-dollar.

Madame Wu was equally wonderful, and far more interesting. My eyes never left her face. Upon her elaborately cushioned pomaded hair she wore a sort of birdcage affair, with queer dangling things, which fell over the ears. Above each ear was a bunch of artificial flowers. Her face was enameled so stiffly from the edge of her hair to the curve of her chin that it was like a mask, which prevented her from smiling, or even winking an eyelid, while on each cheek was a round, hard daub of red paint. Her neck and hands were left to their natural tint, and the contrast was startling. She, of course, could only hobble about, for her feet were bent and bandaged after the fashion of Chinese nobility. She can barely say "yes" and "no," and as she says "yes" and "no" indiscriminately conversation is rather haphazard for any one brave enough to attempt it with her.

When the last of the foreigners had made their bows our Army, Navy and Marine Corps were announced; and be it observed that General Miles preceded Admiral Dewey. But here comes in a fine point which has just been explained to me: General Miles will only take precedence when the Army and Navy make their appearance in a body, for since the birth of our nation the Army has always come first. On all private occasions Admiral Dewey will take precedence. Admiral Dewey is full Admiral, while General Miles is only a Major-General, which fact is the flaw in his diamond.

There can be no sort of doubt that General Miles, in full uniform, with his yellow sash and decorations, is the handsomest military man who has been seen at the Capitol in many years; there is also no doubt but that General Miles is quite well aware of it. The Army was small in numbers, owing to so many fighters being in Manila and Cuba.

When the Army had passed, the Navy appeared with the Admiral at its head, and behind him came scores of Rear-Admirals, more than I ever dreamed Uncle Sam could find use for, and not many of whom have ever hoisted or ever will hoist an Admiral's flag.

As soon as the naval ceremony was over and the Judiciary appeared, my sense of humor, which some one says is the next best thing to an abiding faith in Providence, came into play at the sight of the tiny Chief Justice with his flowing white hair. He is almost a veritable Hop-o'-my-Thumb as to stature, and he was followed and completely overshadowed by two of the biggest men in the District of Columbia.

These were Justice Gray and Justice Harlan.

I did not see much more of the reception, for I was distracted, first by the withdrawal of Mrs. McKinley, on account of fatigue; then Mrs. Hay returned home in order to receive the diplomatic corps at breakfast—for it is the custom with all Secretaries of State and their wives to receive the diplomatic corps after their presentation at the White House—and finally Mrs. Dewey hurriedly withdrew in order to receive the Navy in her mother's home.

When Robert came along in the wake of Senators and Congressmen I suggested that when we left the White House he should call on the Admiral, as nearly every other man was likely to do, but he emphatically said he'd "be hanged if he would."

They say that John R. McLean, the Admiral's brother-in-law, is a good fellow, but to me he is rather unprepossessing in appearance. Mr. McLean is a short, round, red-faced, gentleman, who bears the marks of much good eating, though I must do him the justice to add that there is a look about him of a man who can occasionally do some pretty shrewd thinking, but whether it will ever be shrewd enough to bring him to his goal I do not know. Certain it is that he knows men and has been wonderfully successful.

ADMIRAL DEWEY IS FULL ADMIRAL, WHILE GENERAL MILES IS ONLY A MAJOR-GENERAL

The entire McLean family is in the very most fashionable social set here, and their house is a rendezvous for all people who are smart. They give the most "swagger" entertainments in town. (This word "swagger" Page has just taught me to use; I don't altogether like it, and shall use it sparingly before Robert.) The John R. McLeans have given a beautiful dinner to the Admiral and his wife, and also a musicale at which Madame Schumann-Heink and other grand opera stars sang for a fabulous sum. Page went to this affair, and said that the whole thing was beautifully done and in exquisite taste. She says that the gossip is that the Admiral's fate was sealed long before he came home this fall. In fact, it was pretty well sealed before he took command of the Asiatic squadron, which would account for the forty-dollar cable message sent him after the battle of Manila.

After we left the White House and were about to enter the carriage, two foreigners pulled off their hats to Page and approached us bareheaded. They were presented to me, and I was suddenly struck with the curious change which came over Page's face. The elder man was Mr. Morelos, of the Spanish Legation; the younger and handsomer man was Alain de Courcelles, of the French Embassy, and I remembered that I had heard him presented at the White House as the Marquis de Courcelles. Both men were charmingly *empressé* in their manner, but the younger one drew Page apart, and I caught one or two low-toned words of reproach from him and a reference to "last night."

I was seized with a strange misgiving; it was almost as though something had gripped my heart. I made a move toward the carriage. Both men attended us, and both begged permission of me to be allowed to call upon me on my reception day. The carriage door had scarcely closed when I turned to Page, and, feeling that I had the right of an elder woman and tried friend, asked:

"Page, who is this De Courcelles?"

"An attaché of the French Embassy. His father was a fo'mer Chancellor of the Embassy, an' the son has been here since he was a boy, an' is almost an Ame'ican."

"But, Page, the fellow is in love with you!" I blurted out.

A great wave of scarlet flashed over her face. Suddenly she turned a pair of mischievous eyes upon me and answered:

"Ah never heard that it hurt a fo'eigner to fall in love with an Ame'ican gyirl."

"But you, Page; how about you?"

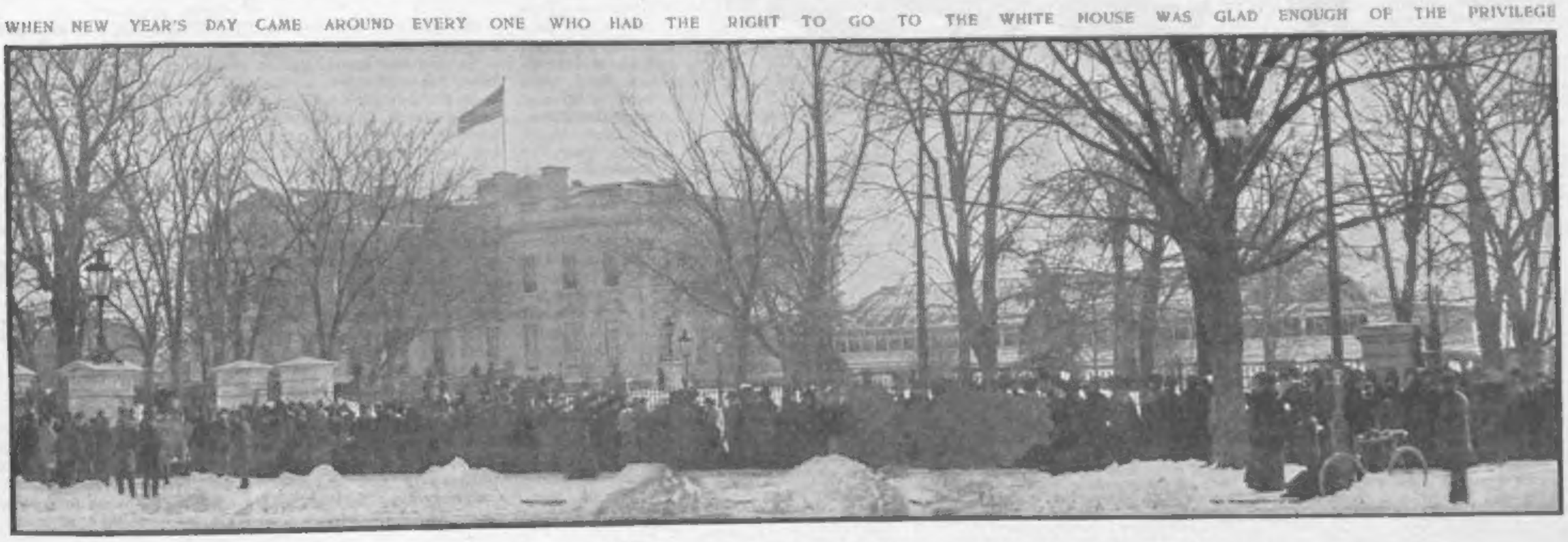
"Ah can take care of myself right well, Mrs. Slocum. Ah danced with Mr. de Cou'celles las' night out at Chevy Chase; you know that Gen'al Co'bin gave a dance to all the gyirls at the club-house. Gen'ral Co'bin's got quite a notion lately to go into society, an' he's jollyin' the gyirls, an' even goin' to the Germans an'——"

"Never mind General Corbin; what about this De Courcelles and you?"

"Oh! Well, Mr. de Cou'celles danced with me, an'—an'—Oh! Mrs. Slocum, Mr. de Cou'celles hasn' a cent to his name, an' goodness knows I haven' got a cent to mine, an' who ever heard of a sum in arithmetic bein' made of two naughts?"

This seemed conclusive, and we drove on in silence. There was a chill at my heart, and a dismal foreboding for the future of my little Southern friend whom I had learned to love as though she were my daughter.

WHEN NEW YEAR'S DAY CAME AROUND EVERY ONE WHO HAD THE RIGHT TO GO TO THE WHITE HOUSE WAS GLAD ENOUGH OF THE PRIVILEGE



Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—George, Harris and the author—have started on a bicycle tour through Germany. A tandem and a safety are the mounts.

George Goes Shopping

AT A POINT between Berlin and Dresden, George, who had for the last quarter of an hour or so been looking very attentively out of the window, said:

"Why, in Germany, is it the custom to put the letter-box up a tree; why do they not fix it to the front door, as we do? I should hate having to climb up a tree to get my letters. Besides, it is not fair to the postman. In addition to being most exhausting, the delivery of letters must to a heavy man, on windy nights, be positively dangerous work. If they must fix it to a tree, why not fix it lower down—why always among the topmost branches?

"But maybe I am misjudging the country," he continued, a new idea occurring to him. "Possibly the Germans, who in many matters are ahead of us, have perfected a pigeon post. Even so, I cannot help thinking they would have been wiser to train the birds, while they were about it, to deliver the letters nearer the ground. Getting your letters out of those boxes must be tricky work even to the average middle-aged German."

I followed his gaze out of the window. I said:

"Those are not letter-boxes; they are birds' nests. You must understand this nation. The German loves birds, but he likes them tidy. A bird, left to himself, builds his nest just anywhere. It is not a pretty object, according to the German notion of prettiness. There is not a bit of paint on it anywhere, not a plaster image all around, not even a flag. The nest finished, the bird proceeds to live outside it. He drops things on to the grass: twigs, ends of worms, all sorts of things. He is indelicate. He makes love, quarrels with his wife, and feeds the children quite in public. The German householder is shocked. He says to the bird:

"'For many things I like you. I like to look at you. I like to hear you sing. But I don't like your ways. Take this little box, and put your rubbish inside where I can't see it. Come out when you want to sing; but let your domestic arrangements be confined to the interior.'"

In Germany one breathes in love of order with the air; in Germany the babies beat time with their rattles—and the German bird has come to prefer the box, and to regard with contempt the few uncivilized outcasts who continue to build their nests in trees and hedges. In course of time every German bird, one is confident, will have his proper place in a full chorus. This promiscuous and desultory warbling of his must, one feels, be irritating to the precise German mind; there is no method in it. The music-loving German will organize him. Some stout bird with a specially well-developed crop will be trained to conduct him; and, instead of wasting himself in a wood at four o'clock in the morning, he will, at the advertised time sing in a beer garden. Things are drifting that way.

—"maybe I am misjudging the country"

Your German likes Nature, but his idea of Nature is a glorified Welsh harp. He takes great interest in his garden. He plants seven rose trees on the north side and seven on the south, and if they do not grow up all the same size and shape it worries him so that he cannot sleep of nights. Every flower he ties to a stick. This interferes with his view of the flower, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that it is there and that it is behaving itself. The lake is lined with zinc, and once a week he takes it up, carries it into the kitchen and scours it. In the geometrical centre of the grass plot, which is sometimes as large as a tablecloth, and is generally railed around, he places a china dog. The Germans are very fond of dogs, but, as a rule, they prefer them of china. The china dog never digs holes in the lawn to bury bones, and never scatters a flower-bed to the winds with his hind legs. From the German point of view, he is the ideal dog. He stays where you put him, and he is never where you do not want him. You can have him perfect in all points, according to the latest requirements of the Kennel Club, or you can indulge your own fancy and have something unique. You are not, as with other dogs, limited to breed. In china, you can have a blue dog or a pink dog. For a little extra, you can have a double-headed dog.

On a certain fixed date in the autumn the German stakes his flowers and bushes to the earth, and covers them with Chinese matting; and on a certain fixed date in the spring he uncovers them, and stands them up again; if it happen to be an exceptionally fine autumn or an exceptionally late spring, so much the worse for the unfortunate vegetable; no true German would allow his arrangements to be interfered with by so unruly a thing as the solar system. Unable to regulate the weather, he ignores it.

Among trees, your German's favorite is the poplar. Disorderly nations may sing the charms of the rugged oak, the spreading chestnut or the waving elm. To the German, all such, with their willful, untidy ways, are eyesores. The poplar grows where it is planted and as it is planted. It has no improper rugged ideas of its own. It does not want to wave or to spread itself. It just grows straight and upright as a German tree should grow; and so the German is gradually rooting out all other trees and replacing them with poplars.

Your German likes the country, but he prefers it as the lady thought she would the noble savage, more dressed. He likes his walk through the wood—to a restaurant. But the pathway must not be too steep; it must have a brick gutter running down one side of it to drain it, and every twenty yards or so it must have its seat on which he can rest and mop his brow; for your German would no more think of sitting on the grass than would an English Bishop dream of rolling down One Tree Hill. He likes his view from the summit of the hill, but he likes to find there a stone tablet telling him what to look at, and a table and bench at which he can sit to partake of the frugal beer and "*belegte Semmel*" he has been careful to bring with him. If, in addition, he can find a police notice posted on a tree forbidding him to do something or other, that gives him an extra sense of comfort and security.

The Germans are very fond of dogs, but, as a rule, they prefer them of china

Your German is not averse even to wild scenery, provided it be not too wild. But if he consider it too savage, he sets to work to tame it. I remember discovering in the neighborhood of Dresden a picturesque and narrow valley leading down toward the Elbe. The winding roadway ran beside a mountain torrent, which for a mile or so fretted and foamed over rocks and boulders between wood-covered banks. I followed it enchanted until, turning a corner, I suddenly came across a gang of eighty or a hundred workmen. They were busy tidying up that valley and making that stream respectable. All the stones that were impeding the course of the water they were carefully picking out and carting away. The bank on either side they were bricking up and cementing. The overhanging bushes and trees, tangled vines and creepers they were rooting up and trimming down. A little farther I came upon the finished work—the mountain valley as it ought to be, according to German ideas. The water, now a broad, sluggish stream, flowed over a level, gravelly bed, between two walls crowned with stone coping. At every hundred yards it gently descended over three shallow wooden platforms. For a space on either side the ground had been cleared, and at regular intervals young poplars planted. Each sapling was protected by a shield of wickerwork, and bossed by an iron rod. In the course of a couple of years it is the hope of the local council to have "finished" that valley throughout its entire length. There will be a seat every fifty yards, a police notice every hundred, and a restaurant every half-mile.

They are doing the same from the Memel to the Rhine. They are just tidying up the country. I remember well the Wehrthal. It was once the most romantic ravine to be found in the Black Forest. The last time I walked down it some hundreds of Italian workmen were encamped there, hard at work training the wild little Wehr the way it should go, bricking the banks for it here, blasting the rocks for it there, making cement steps for it down which it can travel soberly and without fuss.

For in Germany there is no nonsense talked about untrammeled Nature. In Germany Nature has got to behave herself, and not set a bad example to the children. A German poet, noticing waters coming down as Southey describes, somewhat inexactly, the waters coming down at Lodore, would be too shocked to stop and write alliterative verse about them. He would hurry away and at once report them to the police. Then their foaming and their shrieking would be of short duration.

"Now then, now then, what's all this about?" the voice of German authority would say severely to the waters; "we can't have this sort of thing, you know. Come down quietly, can't you? Where do you think you are?"

And the local German council would provide those waters with zinc pipes and wooden troughs and a corkscrew staircase, and show them how to come down sensibly, in the German manner.

It is a tidy land, is Germany.

We reached Dresden on the Wednesday evening, and stayed there over the Sunday.

Taking one consideration with another, Dresden is, perhaps, the most attractive town in Germany; but it is a place to be lived in for a while, rather than visited. Its museums and galleries, its palaces and gardens, its beautiful and historically rich environment, provide pleasure for a winter but bewilder for a week. It has not the gayety of Paris or Vienna, which quickly palls; its charms are more solidly German, and more lasting. It is the Mecca of the musician. For five shillings in Dresden you can purchase a stall at the opera, together, unfortunately, with a strong disinclination ever again to take the trouble of sitting out a performance in any English, French or American opera house.

The chief scandal of Dresden still centres around August the Strong, "the Man of Sin," as Carlyle always called him. His life-sized portrait hangs in the fine Zwinger, which he built as an arena for his wild-beast fights when the people grew tired of them in the market-place; a beetle-browed, frankly animal man, but with a culture and taste that so often wait upon animalism. Modern Dresden undoubtedly owes much to him.

But what the stranger in Dresden stares at most are, perhaps, its electric trams. These huge vehicles flash through the streets at from ten to twenty miles an hour, taking curves and corners after the manner of an Irish car-driver. Everybody travels by them excepting only officers in uniform, who must not. Ladies in evening dress, going to balls or opera,

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of humorous papers which began in the Post of January 6. Each of these papers is practically complete in itself, and may be read with enjoyment independently of those that precede and follow it.

porters with their baskets, sit side by side. They are all-important in the streets, and everything and everybody make haste to get out of their way. If you do not get out of their way, and you still happen to be alive when picked up, then on your recovery you are fined for having been in their way. This teaches you to be wary of them.

One afternoon Harris took a *Bummel* by himself. In the evening as we sat listening to the band at the Belvedere, Harris said, apropos of nothing in particular:

"These Germans have no sense of humor."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Why, this afternoon," he answered, "I jumped on one of those electric tram-cars. I wanted to see the town, so I stood outside on the little platform—what do you call it?"

"The *Stehplatz*," I suggested.

"That's it," said Harris. "Well, you know the way they shake you about, and how you have to look out for the corners, and mind yourself when they stop and when they start?

"There were about half a dozen of us standing there," he continued, "and of course I am not experienced. The thing started suddenly, and that jerked me backward. I fell against a stout gentleman, just behind me. He could not have been standing very firmly himself, and he in his turn fell back against a boy who was carrying a trumpet in a green baize case. They never smiled, neither the man nor the boy with the trumpet; they just stood there and looked sulky. I was going to say I was sorry, but before I could get the words out the tram suddenly eased up, for some reason or other, and that, of course, shot me forward again, and I butted into a white-haired old chap, who looked to me like a professor. Well, *he* never smiled — never moved a muscle."

"Maybe he was thinking of something else," I suggested.

"That could not have been the case with them all," replied Harris; "and in the course of that journey I must have fallen against every one of them at least three times.

"You see," exclaimed Harris, "they knew when the corners were coming, and in which direction to brace themselves. I, as a stranger, was naturally at a disadvantage. The way I rolled and staggered about that platform, clutching wildly now at this man and now at that, must have been really comic. I don't say it was high-class humor, but it would have amused most people. Those Germans seemed to see no fun in it whatever—just seemed anxious, that was all. There was one man, a little man, who stood with his back against the brake; I fell against him five times: I counted them. You would have expected the fifth time would have dragged a laugh out of him, but it didn't; he merely looked tired. They are a dull lot."

George also had an adventure in Dresden. There was a shop near the Altmarkt in the window of which were exhibited some cushions for sale. The proper business of the shop was the handling of glass and china; the cushions appeared to be in the nature of an experiment. They were very beautiful cushions, hand-embroidered on satin. We often passed the shop, and every time George paused and examined those cushions. He said he thought his aunt would like one.

George has been very attentive to this aunt of his during this journey. He has written her quite a long letter every day, and from every town we stop at he sends her off a present. To my mind, he is overdoing the business, and more than once I have expostulated with him. His aunt will get meeting other aunts, and talking to them; the whole class will become disorganized and unruly. As a nephew, I object to the impossible standard that George is setting up. But he will not listen.

Therefore it was that on Saturday he left us after lunch, saying he would go around to that shop and get one of those cushions for his aunt. He said he would not be long, and suggested our waiting for him.

We waited for what seemed to me rather a long time. When he rejoined us he was empty-handed and looked worried. We asked him where his cushion was. He said he hadn't got a cushion; said he had changed his mind; said he didn't think his aunt would care for a cushion! Evidently something was amiss. We tried to get at the bottom of it, but he was not communicative. Indeed, his answers after our twentieth question or thereabouts became quite short.

In the evening, however, when he and I happened to be alone, he broached the subject himself. He said:

"They are somewhat peculiar in some things, these Germans."

I said: "What has happened?"

"Well," he answered, "there was that cushion I wanted."

"For your aunt?" I remarked.

"Why not?" he retorted. He was huffy in a moment; I never knew a man so touchy about an aunt. "Why shouldn't I send a cushion to my aunt?"

"Don't get excited," I replied. "I am not objecting; I respect you for it."

He recovered his temper and went on:

"There were four in the window, if you remember, all very much alike, and each one labeled in plain figures twenty marks. I don't pretend to speak German fluently, but I can generally make myself understood with a little effort, and gather the sense of what is said to me, provided they don't gabble. I went into the shop. A young girl came up to me; she was a pretty, quiet little soul, one might almost say demure; not at all the sort of girl from whom you would have expected such a thing. I was never more surprised in all my life."

"Surprised about what?" I said.

George always assumes you know the end of the story while he is telling you the beginning; it is an annoying method.

"At what happened," replied George; "at what I am telling you. She smiled and asked me what I wanted. I understood that all right; there could have been no mistake about that. I put down a twenty-mark piece on the counter and said:

"'Please give me a cushion!'"

"She stared at me as if I had asked for a feather bed. I thought maybe she had not heard, so I repeated it louder. If I had chucked her under the chin she could not have looked more surprised or indignant.

"She said she thought I must be making a mistake.

"I did not want to begin a long conversation and find myself stranded; I said there was no mistake. I pointed to my twenty-mark piece, and repeated for the third time that I wanted a cushion, 'a twenty-mark cushion.'

"Another girl came up, an older girl, and the first girl repeated to her what I had just said; she seemed quite excited about it. The second girl did not believe her—did not think I looked the man who would want a cushion. To make sure, she put the question to me herself:

"'Did you say you wanted a cushion?' she asked.

"'I have said it three times,' I answered; 'I will say it again: I want a cushion.'

"She said: 'Then you can't have one.'

"I was getting angry by this time. If I hadn't really wanted the thing I should have walked out of the shop; but there the cushions were in the window, evidently for sale. I didn't see *why* I couldn't have one.

"I said: 'I will have one!' It is a simple sentence. I said it with determination.

"A third girl came up at this point, the three representing, I fancy, the whole force of the shop. She was a bright-eyed, saucy-looking little damsel, this last one. On any other occasion I might have been pleased to see her; now, her coming only irritated me. I didn't see the need of three girls for this business.

"The first two girls started explaining the thing to the third girl, and before they were half way through the third girl began to giggle—she was the sort of girl who would giggle at anything. That done, they fell to chattering like Jenny Wrens, all three together; and between every half dozen words they looked across at me; and the more they looked at me the more the third girl giggled, and before they had finished they were all three giggling, the little idiots; you might have thought I was a clown, giving a private performance.

"When she was steady enough to move, the third girl came up to me; she was still giggling. She said:

"'If you get it, will you go?'

"I did not quite understand her at first, and she repeated it:

"'This cushion, when you've got it, will you go—away—at once?'

"I was only too anxious to go. I told her so. But I added I was not going without it. I had made up my mind to have that cushion then if I stopped in the shop all night for it.

"She rejoined the other two girls. I thought they were going to get me the cushion and have done with the business. Instead of that, the strangest thing possible happened. The two other girls got behind the first girl, all three still giggling, Heaven knows what about, and pushed her toward me. They pushed her close up to me, and then, before I knew what was happening, she put her hands on my shoulders, stood up on tiptoe, and kissed me. After which, burying her face in her apron, she ran off, followed by the second girl. The third girl opened the door for me, and so evidently expected me to go, that in my confusion, I went, leaving my twenty marks behind me. I don't say I minded the kiss, though I did not particularly want it, while I did want the cushion. I don't like to go back to the shop. I cannot understand the thing at all."

I said: "What did you ask for?"

He said: "A cushion."

I said: "That is what you wanted, I know. What I mean is, what was the actual German word you said?"

He replied: "A *Kuss*."

I said: "You have nothing to complain of. It is somewhat confusing. A '*Kuss*' sounds as if it ought to be a cushion, but it is not; it is a kiss; while a *Kissen* is a cushion. You muddled up the two words—people have done it before. I don't know much about this sort of thing myself, but you asked for a twenty-mark kiss, and from your description of the girl some people might consider the price reasonable. Anyhow, I should not tell Harris. If I remember rightly, he also has an aunt."

George agreed with me it would be better not.

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

—"AND THEN, BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, SHE PUT HER HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS, STOOD UP ON TIPTOE, AND KISSED ME"

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

AMBASSADOR CHOATE

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Mr. Choate's Use of an Old Story

In this era of new ideas and startling inventions, old jokes still retain their youthful vigor. Nor are they confined to minstrel performers and monologue artists on the vaudeville stage. No less a wit than the Honorable Joseph Hodges Choate, the law partner of William Maxwell Evarts, and the present Ambassador from this country to the Court of St. James, recently found a very old joke useful and appropriate.

A reporter called to see him.

"Mr. Choate is a busy man," said the clerk.

"So am I," responded the reporter.

"Let me take in your card?"

"Never mind the card. He knows me."

Without further parley he opened the door and confronted Mr. Choate, who was talking with a visitor.

"Good-morning, Mr. Choate," said the reporter cheerily. "I am a reporter."

Mr. Choate looked at the intruder curiously. "Take a chair, sir," he said quietly.

"I want to see you about this story," showing a clipping from the Morning ——.

"Ah!" returned the lawyer with his peculiar, gentle chuckle, "I'm glad to see you. Please take two chairs."

It was an old, old story, but Mr. Choate did not hesitate to use it.

Mr. Campbell's Legal Adventure

Robert J. Campbell, of New York, had an odd and even awkward experience the other day which illustrates forcibly a peculiar phase in the practice of law in the metropolis. Returning home late at night, he was attacked and severely beaten by a drunken stranger. To allay the apprehension of his family Mr. Campbell explained that he had been struck by a street car. He was put to bed, and a maid sent out for liniment and bandages. She returned with a strange doctor who proceeded at once to make a minute examination.

The examination disclosed that the patient was suffering countless injuries, most of them incurable, to his spine, knees, thighs, shoulders and arms. Mr. Campbell, who knew how little he was hurt, was even alarmed by the result, and his family were thrown into almost senseless fear. The following day the doctor returned and announced that he was not a physician at all, but an "accident" lawyer—that is, one who sues corporations for damages resulting from physical injuries. He also brought with him several alleged witnesses to the street-car accident, all of whom were willing to swear to anything for a consideration.

Mr. Campbell was in double distress. He didn't know how to shut the lawyer off without disclosing his own well-meant duplicity. The next day, however, friends of the railroad company that had been mentioned called on him and persuaded him to drop the matter.

He did not settle so easily, however, with the lawyer, who had heard of the accident from the maid in the drug store and had taken up the case as a speculation.

Printed the Wrong Portrait

After Honorable Foster M. Voorhees was elected Governor of New Jersey the usual portraits of him were published in the newspapers. They made an interesting variety. In one instance an enterprising journal drew upon its cabinet and used a cut of the president of a small Western university, showing a young man with the hair carefully parted and curled, and with eyeglasses that stood forth prominently in the picture. He looked about twenty years of age and the face was smooth and smiling. The Governor had a good laugh over this particular picture as well as over some of the other interesting variations of his countenance. He is not an old man by any means, being only forty-three, but he has the look of a serious student and man of affairs. His home is in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

GOVERNOR VOORHEES

Doctor Kitasato's Heroic Experiment

The honors that have been showered upon Professor S. Kitasato, the eminent Japanese physician, are justified today by the spread of the bubonic plague and the realization of his recorded predictions. The story of his work has never before been told in full, as he is very modest and cannot be induced to talk about himself. When the plague broke out in Hongkong in February, 1894, Doctor Kitasato wrote a memoir in which he claimed that the new pestilence was the ancient disease known as the "black death." He said there was grave danger of the malady spreading rapidly to many lands. His assertions were laughed at by the European physicians in Japan. His own countrymen upheld him and brought the matter before the Government. It acted promptly, and selected the Professor, with two assistants, as a special commission to go to Hongkong and study the plague in action. The three men arrived and took rooms at the Hongkong Hotel. They carried with them a complete equipment of a bacteriologic laboratory, the first that had ever been seen in that part of the world. Many of the instruments had just been invented in the Koch or Pasteur school, and were unknown to the Chinese physicians.

Doctor Kitasato first demonstrated that the disease could be communicated to or from rats, rabbits, guinea-pigs and mice. His next demonstration was that the dust, and even the infected air in plague spots, could carry the disease. At this point he and his two assistants contracted the disorder, and were obliged to desist from their studies. Lest science should be the loser, each kept a careful record of the progress of the disease in the other two. The attacks were serious. The younger assistant died, but the elder one, Doctor Oyama, and Doctor Kitasato recovered. Shortly after this the Professor identified the bacillus of the plague, which he found to resemble that of the chicken cholera in its early stages, and lastly he published the results of his experiments. His recommendations were adopted by the Japanese Government the same year, and by the Board of Health in our new possession of Hawaii and other seaport cities thereafter.

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MRS. McKEE

Another Spanish Excuse

A belated war story comes from Ponce, Puerto Rico, and is told by Lieutenant Juan Arato, of the Spanish Engineers.

"When the war broke out," said the Lieutenant, "we found that our supply of ammunition of all sorts was very low. Some was new and some old; some was black and some brown; some was old-fashioned and some was smokeless and mysterious. There was one lot of brown smokeless powder which was marked 'Use with care! Very powerful! Keep cool and dry!' and to it was attached a legend that it had burst a Krupp field gun.

"I determined to try it. I employed a small charge in a gun, and to my surprise it refused to go off. My gunners were very much disgusted, and one of them said: 'Bah, this is no good for war. I'll use it for cooking our supper.'

"We all jumped as he threw a double handful into a small campfire. Judge of our feelings when we saw the fire go out. I afterward learned that powder of this sort deteriorates with age, and that long before this case was opened it was as harmless as wet sand."

Harvard Defeated by a Bluff

Joseph M. Proskauer, of Mobile, Alabama, now a brilliant young lawyer of New York, was a notable figure in the undergraduate life of Columbia University several years ago. He was a member of the debating teams that defeated the teams of Harvard and Chicago Universities, and is at present the coach of the Columbia debaters. He found that the necessity for quick thought in the face of surprise in debating made his *début* into court practice comparatively easy.

He was on the debating team of Columbia which advocated the popular election of United States Senators, against Harvard. Each side agreed that the reëlection of Senators was often beneficial to the nation at large, but the Cambridge debaters claimed that popular elections would not accomplish this end. Columbia denied this, and brought to its support that particular form of sophistry called "statistics" to the effect that members of the House were as often reëlected as Senators.

The next Harvard speaker controverted this statement with more statistics, showing that Governors of States were seldom reëlected, and claiming that Governors and Senators would share the same fate if their elections were conducted the same way.

Mr. Proskauer followed, and his reply not only won the debate, but fixed his status forever in the affections of the Columbians. With an assurance born of daring he answered:

"The comparison of the opposition is worthless, because so many Governors, by reason of State constitutions, are debarred from reëlection."

The Harvard men were stunned. This was a view they had never taken. They had no statistics to cover this point, and therefore they ignored it, and the debate went against them.

This is where they were foolish, for Mr. Proskauer knew no more about State constitutions in fact than they did. It flashed across his mind that one or two Northwestern States did prohibit reëlection of Governors. How many more he did not know, and does not know even to this day.

It was simply a bluff, but it won.

Craig's Western Sketches

Charles Craig, the writer and painter of the Indians and the plains, whose canvases are the vogue just now in London and Paris, as well as New York and Boston, did not always realize the prices that he now receives.

In the early eighties he started for a Kansas Indian reservation to sketch and to hunt.

He met with several mishaps, and his capital was reduced to less than one dollar. Near the border the train he was on ran into a flood and he was forced to disembark and, with a little over fifty cents, to spend the day in a straggling village until something turned up. He had heard a great deal about Western barkeepers, and he wanted a characteristic sketch of one. So he went into a saloon and asked the proprietor, who was the barkeeper, to let him sketch him.

"Say, pard, that's the best picture I ever had took. I think that's worth a dollar."

Before night others posed for him. He made over $15.

Several years ago a knowing art dealer happened in that same hamlet, now a flourishing town, and created the impression that he was a wealthy escaped madman by offering ten dollars apiece for such of the sketches as he could find. It is almost needless to say that he reaped a very handsome profit on his investment.

When Baby McKee Ruled the White House

Mrs. McKee, the daughter of former President Harrison, occasionally revisits Washington and finds a cordial welcome in the social circles in which she was so popular during her father's four years in the White House. As the mother of Baby McKee, who has now outgrown his babyhood, she shared for years the honors of the abundant literature written about the White House.

It was said of Baby McKee that he was the most famous child in the world, and that his only rival was the little King of Spain.

A distinguished writer, who was visiting Washington, called one day by appointment to see the President and Mrs. Harrison. Afterward he said:

"Whilst we sat there awaiting our summons to the Presidential presence, a little light-haired boy, about four years old, came running into the hall, and, pulling at my coat-tails, said, 'Come and see my white rabbits,' which I accordingly did. This was the celebrated Baby McKee."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

Two Years of Large Speculation

During the past two years there has been more speculation than the world had ever known in the same period of time. Two unexpected wars have provided the agitations which made the markets attractive to those who are always ready to wager their means when they believe that the opportunities promise profits

The era of good times was already under way when the Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana, but the events which followed gave those variations of price and probabilities which are so essential and so attractive in the great game of chance. Unprecedented prosperity followed upon victory, and thousands grew rich and radiant on the rising tides. Then, as events began to get [illegible] the trouble in South Africa commenced.

It differed materially from our experience with Spain Then the speculators here, although a bit timid at first, became confident that this country would win without much difficulty. A series of victories steadily raised their assurances, and thus prices and hopes went up together. Those who were buying for a rise saw their profits mounting up, and so continuous was the elevation that they began to believe that the profits were illimitable. In the case of Great Britain's war there was the same confidence. It was to be a picnic march to Pretoria, where the English army was to celebrate its Christmas dinner, and nowhere was the jubilation greater than upon the stock exchanges of several countries. Even with those people who did not sympathize with the war there was a conviction that Great Britain would win promptly and handily

But when the Boers began to show their strength the markets responded, and groans of despair went up from thousands. Many who were counting their wealth saw themselves ruined, and the same people who sent an insulting cablegram to President Kruger when the war began faced their disasters with blanched faces. Upon the stock exchanges of Europe there were similar disappointments, including in many cases some highly interesting tumbles of people who were thought to be safe with their millions

A hundred years ago there was more open risking of money, but all of it combined would have made only a fraction of the enormous speculation in these closing years of the century. It is difficult to define just what the word speculation should include. Everybody to a greater or less degree is a speculator Business is a speculation A cargo of goods upon an ocean vessel is a speculation. The street railway is a speculation. And some go so far as to say that matrimony is a speculation. At any rate, the laws of chance and the operations of society are apt at any moment to upset the existing conditions, and the fortunate man is he who escapes the misfortunes, and the unfortunate man is the one who misses the fortunes.

The Meaning of Legitimate Speculation

Speculation is one of those words which modern uses have broadened beyond their original meanings. It is in its real significance a very respectable term; in its higher sense it means to consider carefully, to ponder and examine. In its secondary sense it means to make a purchase or investment that involves a risk or loss, and also offers a chance of considerable profit, and the speculator—it is important to remember this—really acquires a title to property in the expectation of disposing of it at a profit. Consequently the disposition to call speculation ordinary gambling is stretching the word beyond its legitimate usage

When the Saxons introduced gaming into England the loser often became the slave of the winner, and the winner sold him in profit just as any other merchandise The Louisiana Lottery in thirty years collected the enormous sum of three hundred millions of dollars, and this and the other forms of gambling are sometimes called varieties of speculation, but it is an abuse of the word

Coming closer, the bucket shops claim that they speculate whereas they do nothing of the sort, they are simply gambling rooms in which the gamblers bet upon the rise or fall of stocks. The proprietor charges him a percentage for making his bet, besides taking equal chances for winning his money. No share of stock is really bought or delivered. It is pure betting, and it only needs a glance at the crowd which does this betting to see how much profit there is in it

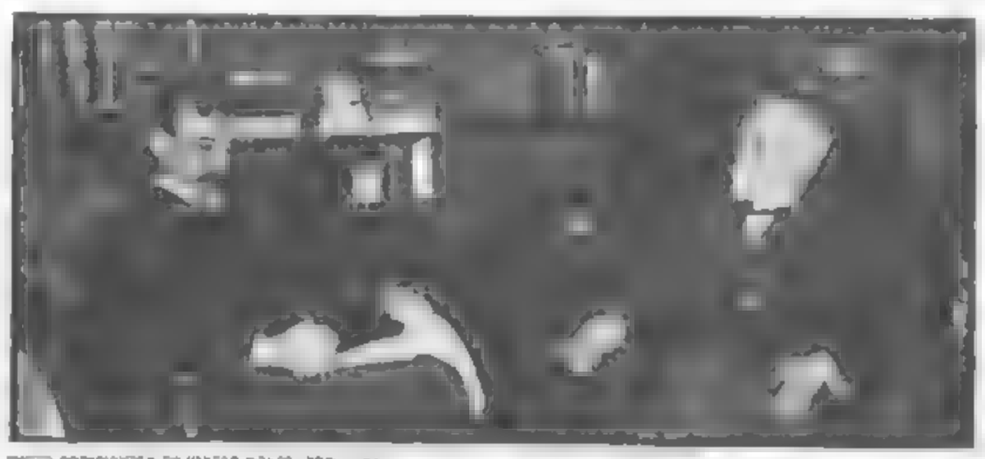
Speculation even of the riskiest kind is far above gambling. Where it more nearly approaches it is when the speculation is done on margins. For those who do not fully understand what this may be, an illustration may be cited: You place a thousand dollars in the hands of a broker for one hundred shares of stock, which makes a margin of $10 per share. If the stock should go up a point, representing a profit of $100 the broker would return to you $1100, minus his commission for buying and selling—$12.50 for each, or $25 for both thus netting you $75; that is to say, you would receive back $1075. If your stock should go down and you should lose $100, the broker would return to you your difference minus his commissions and your loss, which would be $25 for the commissions and $100 for the loss, leaving you $875

Far safer than this is a buying outright of stock, or securities, expecting their value to increase. This more nearly approaches investment, although the real investor, to quote the dictionary, seeks "to promote the legitimate [illegible] ment of property, aiming to secure a regular and limited return for the money advanced."

The Trend of Recent Speculation

One of the richest men in the United States is Mr Russell Sage, whose wealth has been estimated as high as a hundred millions of dollars, all of which he has accumulated in his lifetime. This is his counsel: "I would advise young men not to go into Wall Street. I would advise no man to speculate. If his business is speculation, he is sure to lose every dollar he has. I went into Wall Street in 1874 as a speculator, but I speedily gave it up when I realized what it meant to me. It seems to me now that I am the only man left of all who were with me at that time, and I am left because I knew that it was time to quit. I have seen hundreds of capable men lose fortunes dealing in chances." He advises young men to save money and invest it in business or in good stocks and securities

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, another of the richest men of the country, says that saving is the only way to win wealth. He advises investment strictly, and disapproves of all speculation. Other experiences of the same sort come from the rich men of the country, and yet with some exceptions—Mr Carnegie is probably one—most of them have speculated at some time in their careers, but the ones who have beat the game permanently are those who were able to stand the loss if the markets went against them. It was the careful surplus which Mr. Sage piled up that enabled him to lose several millions in one fateful week, and to recover from the blow



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ANDREW CARNEGIE IN HIS LIBRARY

The policy of the big speculations shows the tendency of modern speculation. It takes chances, but it prefers investments to any operations on margins. During the past few months there were thousands of men who risked all they had, and a great many of them lost much more than they had, although at one time in the contest with fate they felt that they were on the road to wealth. No better illustration of the fact that the stock market is a part of the history of the times could be found than its own daily history. Every condition and every contest has some effect upon it. The crops out West, the wars between nations, the floods and famines are all reflected in its prices.

When the Bottom Drops Out

But beyond all these forces and influences are things which cannot be foreseen and which are never adequately explained. For no reasonable causes the bottom drops out of the market. Stocks are sacrificed. Profits are lost. The little ones are wiped out and the big ones suffer. Such a thing has happened since the beginning of the year, and the slump in prices was peculiar in that the heaviest losers were the very rich men. Doubtless the same thing may occur again just as unexpectedly, just as dramatically. For weeks afterward there will be observations from those who make studies of stocks, but they will amount to little. Hindsight in speculation is about the most useless thing on earth

Some of the men who have made the biggest fortunes recently have at several times in their lives lost all they had, and of course they may lose again. The exceptions to the rule of speculation—which, when persisted in, Mr Sage says leads always to ruin—are indeed few, and some of the saddest sights in this world are the human derelicts who were once rich

As a rule, the history of speculation shows that the optimist fares slightly better than the pessimist. The biggest profits have been made when men have had confidence in dark hours. Of course, thousands have been foolishly hopeful and have suffered for it, but even in speculation we find the note of the modern man and are glad that he is constantly expecting better things. Collis P. Huntington, who has accumulated many millions in his lifetime, recently said

"To day is better than yesterday, and to-morrow will be better than to day

RUSSELL SAGE

Things the Speculators Generally Study

In spite of all that may be said against speculation by the men who have made money, the fever always breaks out when the conditions are ripe. It is in the blood of thousands to take risks, and although they may see and admit the danger of their efforts, they keep at it. Of course, this means a watching of every event or probability that offers a variation in prices. Thus, an impending battle almost stops the market. When peace was general and prosperity seemed certain and illimitable, the sales in Wall Street were more than 1,500,000 shares a day. A year afterward, when the world was waiting for the results of Buller's second battle, the sales were less than 200,000. This shows the effect of the greater happenings, but, as a matter of fact, everything counts. For instance, already in the present Congress over ten thousand bills have been introduced, and the effects of these, whether they become laws or not, are carefully studied There are forty five legislatures and more than a hundred city councils in the United States whose proceedings may bear more or less upon speculation. The great thing is to get the information first, to measure accurately its probable effects, to act without loss of time; and thus we have a new department of information, and thousands of keen witted men who make or lose upon the turn of the [illegible]

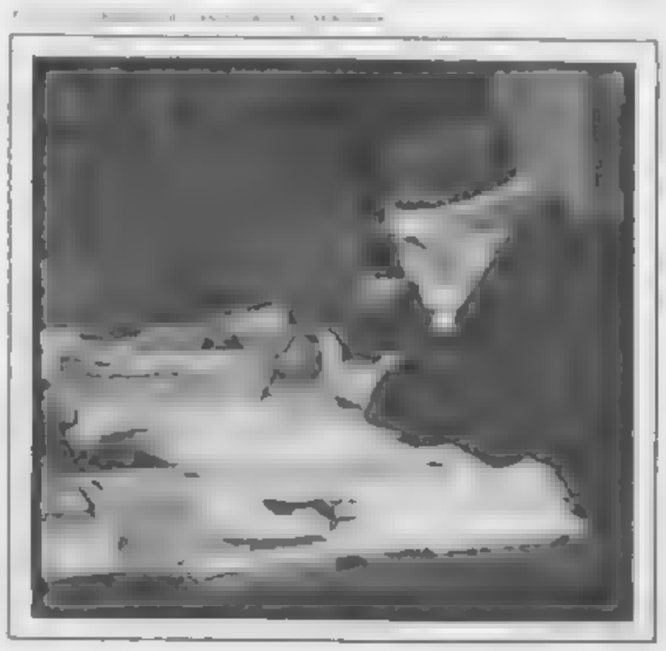
Some of the most successful books on how to speculate successfully have been written by men who have lost in speculation, and the greatest speculators will tell you that no one can know exactly how the market will go. Rules, judgment and everything else are suspended in a moment, and prices may have as many moods as April days. For instance, stocks reached their lowest point, in 1899, the week before Christmas, and then they rose nearly five dollars a share before the first of January, because many people thought there would be a lot of enthusiastic buying after the New Year opened

The differences and the quick variations tell no tale, and point no moral save to show what has been shown millions of times before, that speculation is a risk

It seems to be the testimony of those who know, that the men who make money in Wall Street and keep it the longest make it not off of speculations, but off of the speculators.

More than three centuries ago John Heywood, in the earliest collection of English colloquial sayings, wrote: "Nought venter, nought have."

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON AT HIS DESK



Three Hundred Thousand Miles with Henry Ward Beecher

By Major J. B. Pond

FROM my earliest recollection, in our log cabin on the frontier of Wisconsin, the name of Dr. Lyman Beecher was a household word. One day—I think it was the summer of 1846—my mother was reading a paper that some friend had sent from the East containing a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, a young son of Lyman Beecher, pastor of a new church in Indianapolis, in which the young man had dared to denounce slavery. Garrison, Thurlow Weed, Phillips, Beecher, Theodore Parker, Finney were names as familiar to me in boyhood as those of my own relatives. Then came the Kansas conflict, Captain John Brown and Sharp's Rifles (known as Beecher Bibles).

Educated, trained, and a participant in Kansas in those early conflicts as I was, with the name of Beecher as a beacon light, one may perhaps be able to realize my feelings of reverence and awe for this great man when I met him for the first time in Brooklyn, in his own house, in April, 1876. I never had experienced such a feeling before. My lips trembled, my tongue seemed paralyzed, my throat clogged, my eyes flooded. I was helpless; I was joyous; so filled to overflowing with something that I must have made a fool of myself. Holding fast to my hand, Mr. Beecher walked over to the sofa in the parlor, set me down, and began questioning me about James Redpath, who had owned the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, in Boston, and for whom Mr. Beecher had lectured. I told him that Mr. Redpath had gone out of the business and returned to journalism in New York, and that Mr. Hathaway and I had bought out the concern; that a number of engagements for him to lecture had been indefinitely postponed the season before, with a promise on his (Mr. Beecher's) part that new dates should be given the management as soon as he himself could forecast his own time. Nearly a year had passed, and these people were waiting.

To make a long story short, the time was arranged for, the new dates for New England to begin Monday, April 18, 1876, in New London, Connecticut. This was the first course given by Mr. Beecher under my auspices. From that time until February, 1887, three weeks before his death, Mr. Beecher and I traveled together nearly 300,000 miles. He lectured 1201 times for me.

On many of our lecture tours we were favored with Mrs. Beecher's companionship. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were both good travelers—never the slightest trouble. They carried each their own hand baggage, and would allow no outsider to touch it. One little journey we made together, a sort of "vacation excursion." Mr. Beecher delivered seventy-five lectures on that little circuit of the continent, preached sixteen sermons, many of them in Plymouth churches, and traveled 17,000 miles.

I cannot undertake to give a connected, chronological account of even a part of my wonderful experiences with Mr. Beecher. I have simply selected here and there an episode which shall serve to illustrate some characteristic of the man I knew.

MR. BEECHER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST TOUR IN THE SOUTH

(We had returned from Mr. Beecher's first visit to Nashville and Memphis, in May, 1879. It had been a short tour of unusual interest to him; he had never before been south of Mason and Dixon's line, except for a single night in Richmond, Virginia, in 1877. I accompanied him on the tour, and to his first Friday evening prayer-meeting in Plymouth Church after our return, for I was quite certain his people were to be treated to some interesting comments on our journey. I asked Mr. Ellinwood (Mr. Beecher's stenographer) to take down the "talk" and write it out for me privately, which he did, and here it is, the first time it has ever seen the light of day.)

"After the war, for the first time in my life it seemed to me that it was possible for me to visit the Southern portion of my native land. There had always been a sting in the thought that I, a citizen of the United States, who if need be would lay down his life for his country, could not cross Mason and Dixon's line with any certainty of coming back, and that my name was a name to conjure with and bring up evil spirits. It had always hurt my pride of patriotism that I, a loyal and freedom loving man, could not go where I pleased on this continent, that I could not go into any of thirteen or fourteen of these United States. I had feared that I should die without the sight.

"I did not know how the change was to be brought about, but I believed that there would be emancipation; that the conscience of mankind would slowly unfold and work in secret ways toward liberty, and that in the remote future free labor, applied to the raising of cotton and sugar, would compete in the market with slave labor and lead to abolition. That was my theory; but the Lord cut it short in righteousness; He severed the Gordian knot with the sword, this country was made free from end to end; and ever since I have said within myself, 'Before I die I hope to tread the soil of every State in this Union.' And now I have actually been 'away down South.'

MR. BEECHER'S RESPECT FOR COURAGE

"I went first to Nashville—a beautiful city. The Fisk University—one of the marvels of the world—is there. It is really a very remarkable building, and it is very nobly manned. The whole of it has been sung into existence by men and women that had been in slavery. And, do you know, they look upon you at this church as being the author of their success. For you will recollect that the 'Jubilee Singers' came here impoverished and discouraged, hoping that they might raise a little money by singing. They were hardly able to meet their expenses in getting here. In this lecture-room, on a Friday evening, they were asked to sing some of their songs; and you said, after hearing them, 'Those songs must be heard in the great church'; and when Sunday came they sang there; the fire was kindled, and invitations came in to them to sing in other places. Doctor Cuyler opened his church for them, and other churches were opened. Then they began to have calls from New England; and finally they went abroad. The result was that they earned over $200,000 singing through America, England, Germany and France; and they have built with their breath that great collegiate institution, where five hundred of their kind are being instructed.

"Talk about old Rome, her achievements and her cathedrals! They are grand; but I will point to the rearing of the Fisk University by ex-slaves and their singing, and say, 'It is the most wonderful thing that has yet been done in architecture.'

AN ATTENTIVE AND SYMPATHETIC SOUTH

"I went the next day to Memphis. I shall never be President of the United States—I have made up my mind to that; but I had a taste of what it would be to be President, for they gave me twenty-one guns when I went into the town. I thought to myself, 'Am I on earth? and am I in Memphis, on the Mississippi River, clear down in the southwest corner of the State of Tennessee, and only twelve miles from the State of Mississippi? And are these twenty-one guns for the pastor of Plymouth Church? Well, things have turned around pretty lively!' I do not know how many people saw that spectacle; I only know that I saw it.

"I was taken about the city by the editor of the Memphis Appeal, one of the most stirring of the Southern papers. I could not ask for a more kind reception than I received at his hands. It was about six o'clock in the evening when I arrived, and the lecture was at eight. As there was no lecture-room large enough to hold the people that wanted to gather, Agricultural Hall was taken, and 4000 seats were put into it, and out from a gallery, looking down upon the people, I delivered my lecture, and I delivered it just as plump and as fair as I ever did anywhere else. I received just as cordial and respectful a hearing as ever I had, and I never desire to speak to a more thoughtful, cultivated, courteous, sympathetic and respectful audience than I had in Memphis. Yet they knew who I was, and they very well knew what my sentiments had been and were.

"I bless God that the day has come when a true heart, with kind and sympathetic feelings, will give a man entrance into every State of this Union to discuss any question that it is necessary to discuss before the people of the United States."

HOW MR. BEECHER MET AND CONQUERED OPPOSITION

It was on January 23, 1877, that I had arranged with W. T. Powell, of Richmond, Virginia, for Mr. Beecher to lecture in that city. Mr. Powell was manager of the Richmond Theatre. He was to pay $400 for the lecture. It was to be on Tuesday evening. Mr. Beecher lectured Monday evening in Baltimore, and we had arranged to take the sleeper immediately after the Baltimore lecture and be in Richmond early the following morning.

As we went aboard the sleeper at Baltimore a telegram was put into my hands which read as follows: "Richmond, Virginia, January 22, 1877. To J. B. Pond, Baltimore, Maryland. No use coming. Beecher will not be allowed to speak in Richmond. No tickets sold. Signed, W. T. Powell."

I at once replied: "Have started. Mr. Beecher will be on hand to keep his contract." I did not mention the incident to Mr. Beecher.

Just before our arrival in Richmond the following morning, Mr. Powell came to me on the train and told me that the feeling against Mr. Beecher was so bitter that it would not do for him to attempt to speak; that not a ticket had been sold, and he dared not advertise.

Mr. Beecher and I went direct to the Exchange Hotel, and as he registered our names I saw at once that there was a general disposition, from the hotel clerk down to the negro porter and bell-boy, to guy us.

We went down to breakfast, and the waiter and head waiter who seated us were distinctly uncivil. Mr. Beecher made no remarks. We ate our breakfast, and as we passed out of the dining-room into a long hall we met a pretty little golden-haired child. Mr. Beecher, in his characteristic manner, stopped and began talking to and caressing the child, taking some candy from his pocket (he never was without bait for children), offered it, and was just getting into the little girl's favor when the mother came along and snatched her away, as though she were rescuing her from a fierce beast of prey.

HOW RICHMOND WAS TAKEN BY STORM

Mr. Beecher walked quietly to his room. I left instructions at the hotel office that no one was to knock at his door. Mr. Powell called and assured me that it would be all Mr. Beecher's life was worth to attempt to speak in Richmond. I told him I would let him off that night from his contract if he would rent me the theatre. He consented, and I at once got out some bills and dodgers and advertised Mr. Beecher to speak that evening. The Legislature was in session and passed an informal vote that none of them would go near the theatre. The Tobacco Board did the same.

Evening arrived, and I could get no one to attend the door, so I did it myself. Mr. Powell applied for an extra force of a dozen police, which was of no account, as they were wholly in sympathy with the crowd.

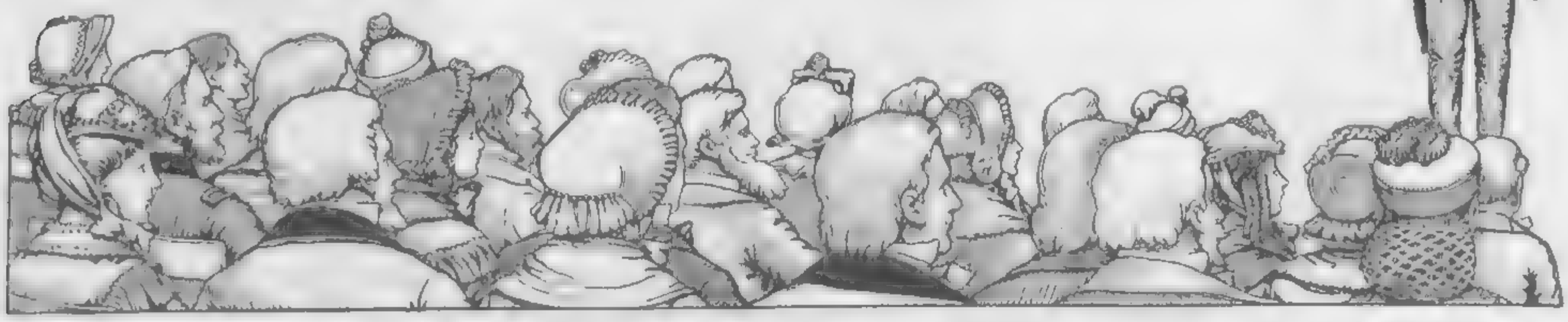
The Rev. Dr. Grey, the principal Presbyterian minister, and the head of a leading institution of learning in Richmond, wrote the Chief of Police that though he distinctly wished it to be understood that he did not indorse or favor Mr. Beecher's speaking in Richmond, he sincerely hoped that the threat to egg Mr. Beecher would not be carried into effect.

As each member of the Legislature and Tobacco Board knew that none of the other members would attend the lecture, each embraced the opportunity to go; and there, to their surprise, they all met. It was a crowd of men who made the best of the joke they had played upon themselves. They were hilarious and disrespectful.

The time came for me to go after Mr. Beecher. I had no door-tender, but the theatre was full of men, and my pockets stuffed with dollars, so I left the door to take care of itself. I found him ready. While in the carriage on our way from the hotel to the theatre not a word passed between us. We had neither of us broached the situation during the day. When we arrived at the stage door of the theatre the dozen policemen were keeping the crowd back. As we alighted from the carriage, going into the door, a general yell went up. We met Mr. Powell on the stage. He called me to one side and said:

"Don't you introduce Mr. Beecher. The gallery is full of eggs. You will have trouble."

I stepped into the waiting-room. Mr. Beecher said: "Go ahead; I am ready."



I walked on the stage. He followed. As we sat down I saw the theatre full of men only. The crowd was disposed to be uncivil, canes began to rake the baluster of the balcony railing, and feet to pound the floor. In less than a minute a yell fairly shook the theatre. Mr. Beecher signaled me to proceed.

I stood a moment for them to get quiet, and then introduced him to his first Virginia audience.

HOW MR. BEECHER TOOK RICHMOND BY STORM

Mr. Beecher was to speak on Hard Times, but had decided to change the subject to the Ministry of Wealth. He arose and stepped toward the footlights. Another yell went up. He stood unmoved and waited for them some time. Finally a lull came and he began. He said that there was a natural law that brains and capital controlled the commercial world, and it could not be changed even by the Virginia Legislature, which opened with prayer and closed with benediction. The Legislature were all there, and the public, like any other public, were ready to accept any good-natured drive at the Legislature.

It was not many minutes before the audience was in full sympathy with the speaker, and for two and a half hours Mr. Beecher addressed that crowd, swaying them with his mighty eloquence and telling them such truths as they never before listened to. His peroration was a tribute to the Commonwealth of Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, her history and her people, and closed with a brief retrospect: how she had prospered when she set her mark high and bred her sons for Presidents and position, but how changed when she came to breed men for the market; how manfully and nobly her worthy sons had kissed the sod, and how sad had been her lot. But in all her prosperity and adversity God had not forsaken her. Industry brought prosperity, and soon, very soon Virginia was to be one of the brightest stars in the constellation of States.

Such applause and cheers as he got during that address I have never before or since witnessed.

He stepped off the stage and to the carriage, and we were in our rooms at the hotel before half the audience could get out of the theatre.

After getting to his room Mr. Beecher threw himself back in a large chair in front of a blazing wood fire and laughingly said:

"Don't you think we have captured Richmond?"

THE IMPROMPTU RECEPTION AT THE HOTEL

He had no more than spoken when the door opened and a crowd of men came rushing in. My first impression was that it was a mob, as it did not seem that there had been time for them to come from the theatre, but I was mistaken.

The foremost was a tall man with a slouch hat. (They were all in slouch hats.) He said:

"Mr. Beecher, this is our Lieutenant-Governor. We have come to thank you for that great speech. This is our Member for So-and-So, and this is Judge Harris," and so on—introducing a score or more of prominent Virginians.

"Mr. Beecher, we want you to stay and speak for us tomorrow evening. We want our women to hear you," etc.

Mr. Beecher was in his most happy humor. He shook the Virginians warmly by the hand. He told them he was announced for Washington the following evening, and his time was all booked for the season. They offered to raise $500 if he would remain over.

The following morning at seven o'clock many Virginians were at the station to see him off. All the morning papers contained extensive synopses of the lecture and favorable notices.

After that first appearance Mr. Beecher spoke twice in Richmond to the choicest audiences that old capital could turn out. I consider this the greatest lecture I ever knew Mr. Beecher to give.

WHY MR. BEECHER MADE SO MANY FRIENDS

Mr. Beecher had preached in Davenport, Iowa, Sunday, March 4, and lectured Monday evening. The crowds had been enormous on both occasions. People had come great distances from all directions.

While on the train from Iowa City, the morning of the sixth, a number of people in the same car were returning home from Davenport. Directly behind Mr. Beecher sat two very charming, refined ladies, dressed in black. I was seated directly opposite them, and noticed that they were amusing themselves by trying to gather up a number of Mr. Beecher's long, white, silky hairs which had fallen on the velvet collar of his overcoat and about his shoulders. The ladies were proceeding so delicately, and accumulating so fine a lock of his hair that it attracted the attention of quite a number of passengers, who seemed so intently interested in their success as to cause absolute silence all over the car. Mr. Beecher seemed interested in a book and unconscious as to what was going on about him. All of a sudden he quietly turned his head toward me. I noticed the twinkle in his eye, and at once knew something was coming.

"Pond, are there flies in this car?" he asked, as he quietly raised his hand to his shoulder as in the act of scaring away a fly.

The spectators at once burst into a general laugh. The two ladies were for a moment apparently paralyzed. Finally one of them plucked up courage to say:

"Mr. Beecher, we have been all the way to Davenport to hear you preach and lecture. We are Brooklyn people. We saw some loose hairs on your shoulders, and could not resist the temptation to secure them as souvenirs. We hope you will pardon us."

"Well," said Mr. Beecher, "my wife never could have been so careful as that."

Everybody in the car heard the conversation, and there was general merriment.

These ladies lived at Muscatine. They had once been members of Plymouth Church. Mr. Beecher entertained them until we reached the junction, where they left us for their home. He had given them all the late news from Plymouth and Brooklyn.

At Burlington, a week later, they came to the lecture with their husbands and families. They also came to the lecture in Washington, Iowa, and Monmouth, Illinois. We never made a Western tour that they did not appear in some of the audiences.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING IN THE WEST

On August 18, 1883, Mr. Beecher lectured in Butte City, Montana. We arrived by an early train, went directly to the hotel, and Mr. Beecher to his room to lie down. We had left Mrs. Beecher for a day's rest at Deer Lodge, about forty miles from Butte, a sort of mountain watering place, to join her on the following day on our way to Portland, Oregon.

While Mr. Beecher was sleeping in the forenoon the proprietor of the hotel told me there was a lady in the parlor who wished to see him. Answering the summons, I found a young woman with a child in her arms. I asked her what she wanted with Mr. Beecher. She replied that she and her husband were members of Plymouth Church; that she wanted him to baptize her baby. I knew very well that under these circumstances Mr. Beecher would be glad to be disturbed, so I called him, and he came to the parlor, shook hands with the woman, patted the baby on the cheek, and asked:

"What are you members of Plymouth Church doing here?"

"My husband is working in the mines."

"How long have you been here?

"About two years, sir."

"Where is your husband?" asked Mr. Beecher.

"He hasn't any coat, and doesn't care to come in. He's down at the door."

THE OPEN HEART OF THE GREAT PREACHER

Mr. Beecher turned to me and said: "Pond, bring that man up here."

I found the hardy young miner and brought him up to the parlor. He was in his shirt-sleeves. He shook hands, saying: "Ah, Mr. Beecher, don't you remember me? I am a member of Plymouth Church. I was very unfortunate in Brooklyn. I am a better man now, thanks to you, sir."

It appeared that this young man had been unfortunate in Brooklyn. Through Mr. Beecher's influence, and his wife's, he had resolved to try his fortune in the far West.

Mr. Beecher was deeply affected at their earnest desire to have him baptize their only child, and I knew the baby's baptism would be very impressive. As I stepped downstairs for a pitcher of water I met an editor of one of the papers, whom I had formerly known. I told him to come upstairs, that Mr. Beecher was about to baptize the child of one of his parishioners. It was indeed one of the most beautiful ceremonies I ever witnessed. We were all deeply affected.

He questioned them considerably concerning their circumstances, and asked me to see that they had tickets for the lecture that night.

The man had to hurry back to his work in the mine. Mr. Beecher asked the mother to accompany him with her baby to a clothing store across the street, where he purchased a suit of clothes for her husband, giving instructions for them to be sent to his house at once. He then allowed the mother to take her baby home, not without a recommendation to be sure she brought her husband to the lecture that night. The woman replied that she had no one to leave the baby with.

"Bring the baby," said Mr. Beecher. "If there is no one else to take care of it, I will, or I will have Pond tend it."

She was very much overcome with all this unexpected kindness. Her eyes were almost bursting with tears of gratitude as she walked away from the store.

After her departure we went to a dry-goods store, where Mr. Beecher told the proprietor that he wanted several things. First, everything complete for a child of ten months, such as dresses, flannels, and such pretty things as a child wears, even to the little shoes and stockings, cloak and bonnet. Then he told him that he wanted some goods for a dress for a woman who was in poor circumstances but very worthy—something that she could wear to church. He bought two or three calico dresses besides, and such other articles as he thought a poor family would most need, and ordered them all sent to the house. I paid the bills, and have them, receipted, now. They were altogether $83.

WHO IT WAS GOT NEAREST TO MR. BEECHER'S HEART

That evening Mr. Beecher lectured to an immense audience, all the seats having been sold in advance. We succeeded in placing two chairs at one side near the platform, which this little Plymouth family occupied. They were very attentive and enjoyed the lecture immensely. The baby was quiet and playful during the early part of the evening, then fell quietly asleep in its mother's arms. No one was in the least disturbed. I believe the orator got his inspiration for that occasion from this little party.

At the close of the lecture there was the usual rush to congratulate and shake hands with Mr. Beecher, including the Mayor, who presided, and the best people of Butte. I think he hardly noticed them, but made a break through the crowd and went direct to his former parishioners and congratulated them on the good behavior of the baby, told them many things of Plymouth Church and Brooklyn, enjoying it much more than all the congratulations the people had to offer afterward.

As Mr. Beecher and I returned to the hotel that evening I said: "Mr. Beecher, it seems to me there are few men who would devote themselves for a day to a kindness like that."

He replied: "Next to my own children are the members of my church."

REPELLING BOARDERS WITH A RED HOT POKER

Mr. Beecher spoke in Bloomington, Illinois, being introduced by an old gentleman, a former friend of Abraham Lincoln. He was a very old man, and I could see that he was very much respected. As he approached the audience to make the introductory speech he hesitated for a word, and after a moment felt in his pockets for his manuscripts and discovered that he had forgotten them. Poor old gentleman! He was dreadfully embarrassed, and so was the audience for him. Mr. Beecher helped him out, and explained it to the audience as a common mistake among speakers, of which he had himself often been guilty.

He was to speak in Decatur that night, and I was obliged to secure a special train, as the regular train was four hours late. I secured a caboose and engine on the Illinois Central Railroad. We reached a small station about half way to Decatur. We had to take a side track and wait for an upcoming train to pass. I saw a great crowd at the station, but our side track took us to one side of the town. We had no more than stopped when, looking back, I saw the crowd rushing toward our car. It was during the period when Mr. Beecher was most liable to insult, and I instinctively felt that that crowd were not coming to do him honor. We had a large coal stove in the caboose. It was red hot. A heavy iron poker lay on the floor. I ran the poker into the stove and let it heat. The mob came on and insisted on getting into the car. As I was watching the front door Mr. Beecher called, "Pond!" I looked around and saw that they had forced open the back door. I at once asked them to leave, as it was a private car and a special train. They kept crowding in, and I saw trouble ahead if they persisted. I caught the poker (which had become red hot) out of the stove and went for them. I jabbed it straight into them, and they began to get out.

I know that one of those roughs, if he is living, bears a scar, as I sawed the poker square across his arm.

We reached Decatur in time for the lecture, and went to Springfield the next day.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers devoted to Major Pond's recollections of Henry Ward Beecher. These articles are two of a series upon the celebrities of the past and present generations. Each is complete in itself.

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The Mystery of Military Bravery

NEWS letters and official reports from the Philippines and South Africa contain so many stories of military bravery that the world is compelled to wonder anew at the mystery of the human quality which is most conspicuous in battle. That the stories themselves are untrue, or that the facts are exaggerated, is extremely improbable; reports of extraordinary bravery of detachments and individuals will not be doubted by men who themselves have been "under fire," of whom we have still nearly a million in the United States, and all of them know that on this subject "truth is stranger than fiction."

The conduct of soldiers in action has been the subject of numerous explanations, none of which explained. It is the fashion of all nations to idealize their soldiers into men who became heroic through love of country and faith in the justice of their cause, but no view, whether casual or careful, of any body of troops will be rewarded by the spectacle of men of more than average human quality. Whether conscripts or volunteers, white, black, brown or yellow, soldiers' faces are very like those of civilians. Nor can their deeds in war be attributed to savagery of nature, for soldiers off the field are quite as peaceable and kind-hearted as home bodies. In the days of solid military formations it was said that soldiers fought because they were pressed upon the enemy by the human mass behind them; when solid columns and squares were abandoned and men fought in lines only two ranks deep it was explained that they stood up to their work because any attempt to run would be stopped by the swords and bayonets of the "file-closers" who stood behind each and every company.

But all the old fashioned fighting methods have been ignored in the Philippines and South Africa, as they were two years ago in Cuba, and as they have been for a quarter of a century by the British in India and by our Army in its fights with the redskins; yet the common soldier, raised to the responsibility of an individual fighter, and with the individual fighter's chance to skulk, fights even more bravely than his kind did in older days.

He used to have the incentive of loot and license should his side conquer, but even that is now denied him. When armies were recruited principally from the prisons, the slums and the highways, the bravery of the common soldier was attributed to callousness, apathy, and the lack of any incentive to live. When men followed only leaders of their own choosing bravery was supposed to be a result of hero-worship, yet the modern soldier will follow any stranger, of any rank, who manifests willingness to lead. A full stomach, preferably with some alcohol in it, was supposed to be conducive to bravery, yet soldiers on half rations fight as bravely as any others, as many of our men who charged in Cuba and raided in the Philippines (or did both) have abundantly proved.

Military bravery cannot be explained by the theory of fatalism, for soldiers as a class are not fatalists. Neither is it due to abnormal natural courage, for soldiers are recruited [illegible] physical strain, for never are the soldier's faculties more alert and well "in hand" than when in battle; the excitement at the beginning of an engagement is so great that a compensating calmness inevitably follows, and quickly, too. Possibly satisfaction at having an opportunity to do the work for which he has been trained is a partial cause of the soldier's bravery in action; the man who has learned any other trade spends half his waking hours at it, but the soldier who has given one hour in twenty four of his term of service to actual fighting is a rarity.

Still, despite all theories and explanations, military bravery remains one of the most mysterious of human qualities, and the men who best exemplify it are as powerless as any others to explain it. —JOHN HAUBERTON.

We are almost as much interested in colonial questions now as we are in the man who moved to another town a year ago.

Keeping Up with the Procession

LIFE is composed of adjustments. From one point of view life is adjustment. The infant adjusts itself to seeing, feeling, talking. The child goes to school and adjusts itself to instruction. Once in school, new teachers and new objects of study require new adjustments. The graduate must adjust or adapt himself to the ways of business or professional life. As a bridegroom he is again face to face with new conditions, new duties, new obligations, and he must study them and adapt himself to them. As a father, still others confront him and call for further adaptation. In short, there is no period, no condition of life free from the necessity of adjustment. Inability to adjust one's self to new conditions means stagnation; then death. The survival of the fittest means nothing more than the survival of those fit or able to adjust themselves to the constantly varying environment. There is constant change of environment; there is constant need of adjustment to it.

What is true of life in general is true of life in particular. Take man in relation to his business or profession. In the former there is a constant change requiring constant study and adaptation. The successful business man is he who sees the changes and accordingly adjusts himself to them. How often do we hear it said of an old firm that business grew away from them. What does it mean? Simply that the firm stood still while business changed.

In professional life the same principle applies. The surgeon who refuses to adopt the principles of antiseptic surgery has fewer and fewer patients, and the lawyer who knows only the common law of bygone days has no clients. Medicine of to-day is vastly different from medicine of fifty years ago. It has been revolutionized. Law, the most conservative of professions, the conservator of customs, nevertheless changes greatly in fifty years, both in methods and subject-matter.

The constant need of adjustment is nowhere more keenly felt than among the industrial classes, and in no other class is there less adaptability. The continuous line of improvements in mechanical devices continuously throws large numbers of employees out of adjustment. No one would halt the march of mechanical improvement, and yet we feel sad when we contemplate the condition of the men and women who are thrown out of employment and are unable to adapt themselves to the changed conditions. We recall the outcry against the introduction of sewing machines, and yet the sewing machine was a blessing when viewed from a broad standpoint, although sewing women in great numbers suffered. But no one now seriously proposes that we go back to hand work. The women suffered not because of the machines, but because they lacked the power of adjustment. We are witnessing the enactment of the same tragedy at the present time in the introduction of the typesetting machines. Our sympathy goes out to the hand-setters, but we realize that they must adjust themselves to the change or go to the wall.

What is true of individuals is true of communities, of nations. There has been a continuous adjustment of American governmental methods to meet new conditions and new demands. America, because she has been able to do this, is known as a growing nation, a living nation. Spain, because she is unable to do this, is known as a decaying nation. Is there not a moral in all this?

—CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

There are quite a few people in this country who could get along with only one Presidential election every six years.

The Hat and the Home

CERTAIN men, unclassifiable, yet somewhat alike in a general way, are in the habit of saying, with pleasant reference to their nomadic life, that they are at home wherever they hang up their hats, or that their hats are their homes. Our day of commercial travelers and peripatetic agents of a thousand sorts has doubtless greatly modified the domestic [illegible] and the home administration of many excellent people. This could not be avoided, but outside of the special circles thus affected by the exigencies of business there is a distinct tendency in American life toward avoiding a permanent domestic centre, which is, in fact, the only true home. Such a trend may be the incipient stage of a complete breaking up of Anglo-Saxon civilization as a well-defined mode of human motion, and a merging of its strongest distinction in the composite forces of the world at [illegible]

The home has always been the most influential source of Anglo-Saxon influence and prestige, because the home has ever served as a sort of church, school and sanitarium all in one, out of which men were sent, full grown and ready for life's battle, imbued with all that a father's, a mother's, a sister's and a brother's loyal love and bracing influence could afford. The home hearthstone was, from the earliest days, a shrine, an altar and a forge. There prayers were said, there noble sacrifice was offered, and there was generated the unquenchable heat of race pride and imperious patriotism. A man's home was not only his castle, but his sanctuary and his domestic nest. A woman's home was where her husband built it, and there she was delighted to dwell, rearing meantime a brood true to all the best traditions of an ancestry whose loyalty to race and country had never been questioned. Whatever limitations may inclose a civilization based upon the home life, the beauty of steadfast loyalty to itself can never be matched in a cosmopolitan system which from every centre looks abroad for its model.

It may be well enough for the commercial agent or the professional traveler to be at home whenever he is under his hat: that is business; but the average citizen, the incalculably valuable common man, he upon whom rests the responsibility of informing true society and true political life, must have a home from which to draw his knowledge of what society and the political organizations need. A mother, a wife, a sister, a daughter, all drawn together in a home under the best domestic influences, form just the combination to imbue a man with a true sense of what legislation women need for their largest happiness. Likewise the home, where men have been well bred in the atmosphere of love, manly self-respect and high courage, is the fountain from which the statesman can safely draw inspiration for his application of law to the needs of an advanced human society which is strongly rooted back in the family.

No earnest observer, no conscientious student of the times, would presume to say what is going to be the outcome of present movements. Humanity is a refractory and perverse quantity. Still, judging by the past, we must recognize certain persistent traits in our race, and certain recurring and apparently ineradicable characteristics of our civilization, which would seem to forecast great trouble to the world when we shall have abandoned the old Anglo-Saxon regard for the home as the cradle of all that makes for the permanence of virtue, love, law, obedience, justice and high patriotism. [illegible]'s hat should hang on the peg at home.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Out of every hundred homes in this country only fifteen have servants. Happy eighty-five!

Our Modern Brains

SOMETIMES it is hard to be an optimist. When we read about the germs fighting within us for our destruction, the gentle prophecies that the human race is becoming bald and cross-eyed, and the cheerful predictions that the human stomach will come to an infantile diet, about the only consolation we can find is that we shall probably be off the earth before these things are fully realized.

But there is one thing that does touch our pride. We like to think that we know more and do more than any other generation in the history of the world. But here comes a new preacher and prophet showing us that we are not only below the standards of previous ages, but that we are steadily deteriorating.

Mr. Ellsdale, in the Nineteenth Century, accepts Mr. Gladstone's confession that the brains of the modern Briton had less power than those of the Elizabethan period, and, after telling us that the ancient Greeks' brains represented the high water mark of the human intellect, he calmly informs us that the tide is now steadily receding, and he gives the reasons.

First, the tremendous increase of knowledge has developed our receptive faculties at the expense of the creative faculties. Second, the mental impatience of the age has hurt our brains, and, instead of thinking steadily and systematically, we are victims of a hop-skip-and-jump literature. Third, the democratic spirit had led to the leveling of thought, and thus we dare not have higher convictions. Lastly, the pursuit of the almighty dollar, involving love of luxury and ease, is the great cause of "the scant development of really first-class and commanding intellect" in the United States. Mr. Ellsdale does not offer very much hope, although in order not to leave us in absolute gloom he thinks that possibly some of the great world-movements will bring about a new order of things in which there will be worthier ideals of sacrifice and devotion resulting in better men and women.

Anybody can prove that people are not what they should be. The trade of the pessimist is easy even in times of great activity and prosperity. He flourished in years gone by, and his prophecies come down to us as interesting curiosities of the past. He is the same "old inhabitant" speaking of "the good old times," and we listen to him with some impatience, and proceed on our destiny trying to do a little and be a little better every day. Even Mr. Ellsdale would hardly have us go back to the days of Elizabeth, who swore like a trooper and flirted like a summer widow, or to ancient Greece, where they had no football or department stores. The present is all right, and there are prospects. Everything is becoming a trust nowadays, and possibly that world-movement which he dimly sees is really an assembling of the mental forces of mankind as the essential preliminary to a golden age of life and letters.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Next to the mosquito and the borrowing neighbor, the friend who is continually telling other people things for their own good is the most unmitigated nuisance in the world.

At the English Court

A LETTER has just been received by a friend in England from an officer besieged in Ladysmith. The "Dick" referred to is an officer of Gloucestershires captured at Nicholson's Nek.

"I want you," the officer writes to his English friend, "to release me from a promise Dick and I, individually and collectively, made you. You will remember that we undertook to be in Pretoria for Christmas. I find I cannot by any possibility get there quite in time, so am obliged to ask you to release me from my part of the bargain. Dick, however, as you know, was always a beggar to keep his word. He has managed to get to Pretoria like the good officer he is, and at the head of his men. By the way, if you are thinking of sending me a turkey for Christmas, please pick out one that is strong on the wing and good for a fifteen-mile burst of speed, and have the pigeon-post people fling it in the air at Colenso. Kindly tell the bird that if its ambition is to be dined off by one of Her Most Gracious Majesty's officers it had better fly high."

MR. PENNELL'S ADVENTURE WITH THE BEAR

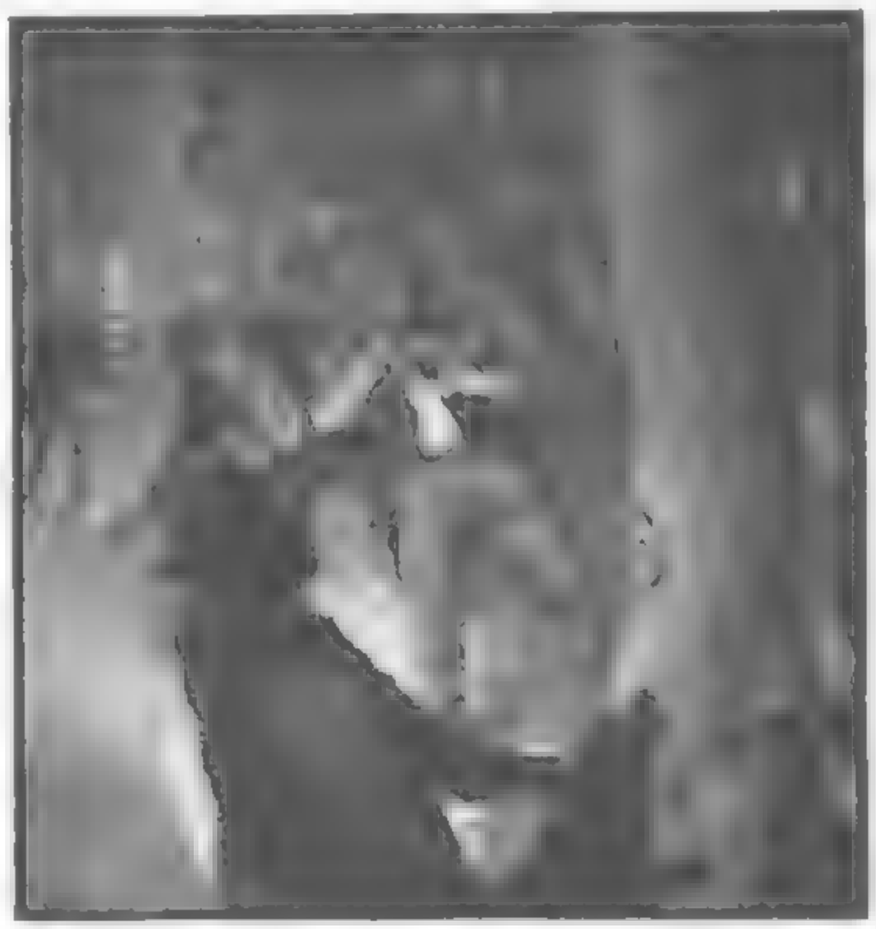
IT IS giving away neither a trade nor a professional secret to say that no book will appear dealing with Mr. Joseph Pennell's unexampled and hair-raising trip into that unexplored Czardom, Russia. Pennell recognizes that it would require the pen of Mark Twain and the pencil of Verbeck to do justice to that trip, and, moreover, Pennell recognizes that he possesses neither, so the journey stands in danger of being unrecorded. But the salient points can be put in a paragraph, and this paragraph will show the world what it, the world, is likely to miss through undue modesty of the celebrated artist. One day Mr. Pennell awoke and found his soul filled with a desire to visit Russia, to see her minarets and spires, her barbarous splendor and semi-Oriental edifices and customs, and all that—in fact, to visit the colossal Bear in its den. Now the Bear has entertained certain other Americans who could write and sketch, and when the Bear woke up in the morning, after reading George Kennan's work and scanning Mr. Frost's drawings, the Bear had a very sore head. But the Bear does not often say much, he mouches on and lies low. So when Joseph Pennell applied for passports he was readily given them, and they were willingly, even eagerly, initialed, and all that by the Bear's Ambassadors in Washington and London. They, the Ambassadors, patted Joseph on the back, wished him the best of luck, and assured him that he and the Bear would get along like a house afire. Pennell, I think, first journeyed to Vienna, and from there struck out for Russia, his pockets stuffed full of passports and credentials. A few yards after crossing the frontier the train pulled up at a siding, the door of Pennell's compartment was flung open and in stepped a polite inspector who demanded the traveler's passport. When Pennell handed it to him the man instructed the artist to ask the station master for it at the next stopping-place, who would return it. Meanwhile it would be inspected. On pushed the train, and at length the station was reached. Pennell did as he was bid. "What?" cried the station master, his brows lowering into a suspicious frown, "have you parted with your passport?" "I gave it to an inspector," answered the artist. The station master gave a few hurried instructions to subordinates, who scattered away at breakneck speed. Turning to the astonished American he said, "You have done a most serious thing. You had no right to let your passport out of your possession, and you must consider yourself now under suspicion and closely watched by the police. You may be who you say; I don't know. If you are, and if you really had a passport, it is, no doubt, by this time, in possession of a Nihilist, and we must hold you responsible for anything that occurs. You will go to such-and-such hotel and there stay until you have satisfied us that you are genuine. All your communications must pass through my hands."

THE CZAR'S DENTIST TO THE RESCUE

Mr. Pennell was personally conducted to the hotel named. From there he sent cables to Washington, London, and wires to the American Ambassador in St. Petersburg. No answer to one of them! The Chief of Police visited him the first day, the second day, and on the third day asked him point blank how it came about that none of his country's representatives would have anything to do with him. That afternoon, Joseph, wandering wearily and anxiously about the hotel, heard the sound of a familiar song sung in good American accent. Diving into the room, he came upon an evident Yankee and explained the situation to his surprised compatriot. The man of course knew Pennell's worth "down to the ground," and thought he could help him, although the crisis was most grave. "Now see here, Pennell, you've got to get out of Russia somehow. I carry some weight, being dentist to the Czar, and I'll do my level best for you." In the end the kind dentist got the artist aboard an outgoing train and across the border. When Pennell reached safety he met a knowing friend. "Hello, Joe, finished with Russia already?" Pennell began an explanation. "Oh, I know; lost your passport; deuce of a hubbub, marched off to a hotel; met a Providence-sent countryman—by the way, what was he?" "Dentist." "Ah, yes; dentist, of course. If you had been an Englishman he would have been a horse doctor to the Czar, a Frenchman and he would have been a dancing master. Joe, my boy, they didn't want you in there, and that's the way they go about it in Russia."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE NORTH POLE

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN did not have a very merry Christmas of it. He is held chiefly responsible for the war and England's unpreparedness, and although Englishmen say little at the best of times, and absolutely shut up when things are going badly, Chamberlain knows right well that the voters are "laying for him." He will not be hampered in the conduct of the business by word or deed, but when it is all ended he will be held strictly to account, and have to pay to the uttermost farthing for any act of omission or lack of skill that he may have committed or shown, and he, better than any man in England, knows that. Therefore it was a very inopportune time to approach him for his support toward another expedition in search of the North Pole, as a certain number of enthusiasts did not long ago. After listening in grim silence to what they had to say, Chamberlain readjusted his eyeglass and calmly gazed upon the deputation for a telling time, then said: "Gentlemen, I am informed that the North Pole is in a place where it will keep sweet for a reasonable length of time. I am trying to discover Pretoria. Good-day."



SNOWIN'

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

DEY is snow upon de meddahs, dey is snow upon de hill.
An' de little branch's watahs is all glistenin' an' still;
De win' goes roun' de cabin lak a sperrit wan'erin' 'roun',
An' de chillen shakes an' shivahs as dey listen to de soun'
Dey is hick'ry in de fiahplace, whah de blaze is risin' high
But de heat it meks ain't wa'min' up de gray clouds in de sky
Now an' den I des peep outside, den I hurries to de do',
Lawd a mussy on my body, how I wish it wouldn't snow!

I kin stan' de hottes' summah, I kin stan' de wettes' fall
I kin stan' de chilly springtime in de plowland, but dat's all,
Fu' de ve'y hottes' fiah nevah tells my skin a thing,
W'en de snow commence a flyin', an' de win' begin to sing
Dey is plenty wood erroun' us, an' I chop an' tote it in,
But de thoughts dat I'm a thinkin' while I'm wo'kin' is a sin
I kin keep f'om downright swahin' all de time I'm on de go,
But my hea't is full o' cuss-wo'ds w'en I'm trampin' thoo de snow.

What you say, you Lishy Davis, dat you see a possum's tracks?
Look hyeah, boy, you stop yo' foolin', bring ol' Spot, an' bring de ax
Is I col'? Go way, now, Mandy, what you think I'm made of?—sho.
W'y dis win' is des ez gentle, an' dis ain't no kin' o' snow
Dis hyeah weathah's des as healthy as de w'ahmest summah day
All you chillen step up lively, pile on wood an' keep a blaze
What's de use o' gittin' skeery case dey's snow upon de groun'?
Huh uh, I'm a reg'lar snowbird ef dey's any possum 'round.

Go on, Spot, don' be so foolish; den you see de signs o' feet
What you howlin' fu'? Keep still, suh, case de col' is putty sweet,
But we goin' out on bus'ness, an' hit's bus'ness o' de kin'
Dat mus' put a dog an' dahky in a happy frame o' min'
Yes, you's col'; I know it, Spotty, but you des stay close to me,
An' I'll mek you hot ez cotton w'en we strikes de happy tree
No I don' lak wintah weathah, an' I'd wush 't'uz allus June,
Ef it wasn't fu' de trackin' o' de possum an' de coon.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S DISADVANTAGES OF BEING A QUEEN'S SON

THERE are serious drawbacks to being a son of the Queen. At the moment of writing the Duke of Connaught is suffering from one of those disabilities that go with high birth. He is a keen soldier, and has easily worked high up in the rank of British officers. Were he a commoner and occupying his present rank in the Army he would be out at the front, leading, in place of some one of the Generals to whom the conduct of operations is given. But he is the Queen's son and the public in England have an inherited undesire to allow the Royal family to get too firm a hold on the British Army. When the weight of years compelled the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, to resign the position of Commander in Chief of the Army, a quiet but determined struggle took place between the Throne and the Army over the knotty point of successor. The Queen did not disguise the fact that she wished her son, the Duke of Connaught, to step into the shoes of her cousin, but the Army would not have it, and Lord Wolseley, as his record entitled him, got to the top. On all hands it is admitted that the Duke of Connaught is a most capable officer, who is ambitious not merely to get to the top of the Army, but to see service and to do his best as a soldier. However, the War Office does not consider it politic to send him to the front. He is senior in rank to many already there in responsible positions; but anxious to serve without taking the reins from any hands, he has offered to waive his title to outrank others and to serve in any position. Still the War Office will not send him. It is said that he has threatened to resign his commission in the British Army and to go to South Africa and take a commission in one of the irregular forces now being formed. It will be interesting to see whether he succeeds in getting out to face the Boers. There are drawbacks to being a Queen's son—in England.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S NEW BILLET

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has got a most important command at length. He has been appointed second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, perhaps Britain's heaviest fighting force. The Channel Squadron is undoubtedly the "swell" fleet, but it is recognized here that when the guns begin to thunder in a European war the Mediterranean Squadron is the one which will come in for the first and the heaviest crash. So although the world does not hear so much of the Mediterranean as of the Channel fleet, it is, nevertheless, the grimmest, most hardworking fleet in the world. It is never idle, and it carries no lame ducks on its register. Lord Charles has now the opportunity of his life. If he has any new ideas in his head, any points on manœuvring or plans of battle he will get a chance to work them out and prove their utility. The greatest attention will be paid to any suggestion he makes. Lord Charles is a "hail fellow well-met" with the London newspaper men, and attends all their big dinners when he is in town. He invariably finds himself called upon for a speech, and as invariably delivers a rattling, uproarious one in which the British naval flag floats high above the rest of Europe combined. At the finish of his latest outburst of patriotism up jumped the Chairman and sang out, "Now is the moment ripe for Mr. Ward to sing us Sullivan's The Sailor's Grave. Let us hear of at least one dead sailor." A grin, none too comfortable, stole over the broad features of the fighting lord, every one laughed, and the glorious song was sung.

ALBERT EDWARD'S NEAT COMPLIMENT

THE Prince of Wales is—occasionally, at least—clever at paying a compliment. In connection with the fitting out of the American hospital ship Maine, he was surrounded by a number of American ladies, including Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Arthur Paget, when he said, "I have the greatest faith in the good the ship will do; American girls have healed many an Englishman's wounded heart."

The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett

A TALE OF THE SECRET MISSION THE RAIDERS DO IT [illegible] BY MAN THE LORD AXE ETC ETC

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Part III—Ninth Chapter

ADAM stretched himself wearily as he arose and looked about him. He had been sitting beneath the arid and insufficient shade of a gray olive, whose dustily silver leaves shivered and rustled and rubbed their edges together even in the windless noon of May with a certain curious suggestion of life not wholly vegetable.

"I wonder what keeps Glenmorrison," he said to himself; "he is always late."

Adam Home heaved a long sigh.

"After all," he continued, "he has nothing else to do, so he may just as well take up procrastination as a business. There is no other advantage in being in this horrible place."

And yet there were few scenes more beautiful than that upon which Adam Home looked down, as he shrugged his shoulders and blinked with eyes half closed in order to shut out the heat and the dust of that high, glorious day in early summer.

■

He saw a red roofed, sunny city, full of Oriental suggestion, with wide balconies of scrolled ironwork and closed sunblinds. He looked upon a rippling river, spanned by an ancient bridge, somewhat ruinous, indeed, upon whose broken arches the children joined hands and sang a quaint and moving ditty. And as the burgher folk went past upon the river bank and heard them, husbands and wives clasped hands instinctively and smiled at each other, always saying the same words and always moved with memories of the days when they, too, sang

"Upon the Bridge of Avignon
We're dancing roun' I
Dancing round!"

Beyond, lifting its yellow white masses of building against a sky which was just beginning to take on its summer look of brass toward the zenith, extended the castle and palace of the Popes of Avignon.

But Adam Home was tired of the brilliant little southern city. He had grown to hate *Rome en poche*. He was tired even of the loyalty which kept him there; tired of drawing money drop by drop from a poor tenantry to lend it to a Prince, who, though far from ungrateful, immediately forgot that he had received it and went off to expose his distress to some other adherent suspected of having received a more recent remittance from home.

"At last!" cried Adam, without moving from the sparse edgewise shade of the dry, rustling olive leaves, and making a trumpet of his hands, "Glenmorrison, what news of *him* to day?"

A tall, ruddy-faced, elderly man was stepping leisurely up the rocky path toward him, leaning somewhat heavily upon a stick, and occasionally stopping to wipe his brow with a great brown kerchief of the pattern of a Paisley shawl.

So soon as he came within the radius of retort, "*Him*," he panted indignantly, "him, as ye call your Prince, sir, is, for a wonder, in the best o' health and the worst o' tempers."

■

"What," said Adam Home, smiling and making room for his friend under the olive, "has he been fretted by the Government order to remove himself from Avignon, or has he not been able to borrow the money to pay his last week's market bills?"

"Neither and baith, sir," said Glenmorrison grandly, and then, quite suddenly becoming familiar and dialectal, he added, "sit farther ower, Aidam—ye are takkin' up every bit o' the caller shade—no that this God forsaken whin buss gies us onything that can be rightly named a shadow. I wish to peace I was sittin' aneath a decent Scots fir in the forests o' Glenmorrison, watchin' the red deer comin' troopin' bonny ower the Ballochl. Aidam, Aidam, what garred us no stick to that douce solid man, King George, and so sit siccar on our lands and heritages a' our days?"

Editor's Note—The fourth and last part of The Fitting of the Peats will appear in the next number.

"Glenmorrison," said Adam Home, clapping his hand on his friend's knee, as they sat close together in their doubtful patch of coolness, and watched the yellow sunlight in which the landscape simmered, with the Palace of the Popes rising stern and dignified in the midst, "who was it that persuaded me first to join? Who brought me hither? Who pinches and screws, that 'him' down yonder may have three pennies and a bawbee out of every good Scots' groat that comes his way—who but Glenmorrison? Aye, and who would give up that last bawbee for a clap on the shoulder and a careless kindly word from Ye Ken-Wha?"

"I ken—I ken," said the ruddy-faced man, shaking his head; "it's true, Aidam. But it's fair heart-breakin' to see him this day sitting cheek by jow wi' the Dowager's waitin'-maid, and cryin' every quarter-hour for 'a bottle o' wine and fresh glasses!' wi' never a thocht o' his faithfu' servants that have weared their a' on him, but only colluguin' wi' Irish rapparees and penniless French rogues. It's a' that woman! We maun kidnap her, I'm tellin' ye, and send her aff to King Louis. He has sae mony sicklike already aboot him that an odd yin or twa mair wad never be kenned. But she plays the mischief wi' oor laddie.'

And think you," said Adam Home, "that if the Walkinshaw were away that we would get back the lad that fought at Gaeta like ten men, and stood like a tall pine beneath the gathering banner at Glenfinnan? No, no, let the lass be, lest a worse thing befall."

■

The elder man looked up with some surprise at his companion.

Aidam," he said, "what's gotten ye, Aidam? Has she been at ye hersel'? I thocht that ye were wi' us in separatin' the Prince frae that woman?" Then Adam Home spake more sharply than before—nay, even sternly. "The lass has paid her price for him, and a bonny bargain she has of it! Glenmorrison, I am sick o' all this. I am going home to Scotland—aye, though I put my neck in the hemp for it. Even Tower Hill were better than this miserable life of feckless plots abroad and universal cat and dog at home!"

Tut, tut, Aidam," said Glenmorrison, "this will never do! Ye need to be lanced, Aidam. MacWheem maun see to ye. Nocht like bloodlettin' for curin' the megrims! Preserve us—ye to speak o' gaun hame to the gallows wi' a score o' ill set cousins at Henry Pelham's elbow, and that good uncle himsel' aboot to be inducted into your estates and kindly heritages!"

"Glenmorrison," said Adam Home, "my life here is not worth a docken leaf. I am sick of it—sick, also, God forgive me, of the Prince—"

Glenmorrison arose in a fume.

I see—I see," he said; "ye wad play 'booty.' Ye wad mak' your private peace. Ye hae been in communication wi' the butchers o' Drummossie. That is the secret o' your defense o' the Walkinshaw. Perhaps ye hae gotten the Dowager's waiting-maid to speak a word to her mistress for ye. But, sir, ye shall not go to England without feeling the point o' a true man's sword. Heavens, sir, I will fight ye here and now for the words ye hae spoken!"

■

And the red faced man strode to and fro, snorting and nodding his great head, and with his hand clapped threateningly on his sword. The younger man sat still, leaning his back indolently against the gnarled trunk of the olive, and for answer he cast one shapely leg over the other and stared at his silver shoe buckle.

"Sit down, Glen," he said, "you and I cannot quarrel. We lay over long together in the cave on Millwharchar Muir. The stead of your elbow is in my ribs yet. Man, you just could not find it in your heart to pink Adam Home with the selfsame hand that used to be laid about my neck in the night time."

The ruddy man, who had been fanning himself haughtily, flung down his hat in the dust and held out both his hands.

Aidam," he cried, "ye hath seen baith a mad dog this day and a silly one, too! Gie me your hand, if ye can forgie me for my temper. It's my mither's faut for marryin' a —— red headed Heelantman!"

Then the young man, suddenly losing his nonchalance, rose to his feet with a bright smile on his face. He took his friend's hand, pressed it with a quick enthusiasm very unlike his previous unconcern, and drew him down again upon the roots of the olive.

"Sit down, Glen," he said; "this day is somewhat overhot for emotions. If you are a fool, I am a whole company of them—and a merry Andrew to boot. For I know as well as you that I risk my neck by going back to Scotland. I have nothing to gain but the gallows. Yet, oh, man, I can hear in my sleep the grouse craw in the heather as he fills his crappan, and the lang-nebbit whaup willy-whaain' doon to his nest in the gloamin'! Man, I'm away back to the cave on the Black Craig o' Dee. My heart is fair sick to see a trout loup in a pool, and to sit where the birks are bonniest and sweetest scented, and where the larches are hanging out their green tassels like Ladies' favors!

■

Adam Home uttered the last words with a kind of rapture, and Glenmorrison gazed at him in dumb astonishment, which, however, slowly merged into an eye-twinkling kind of humor. But he did not speak.

Good day, Glen," cried the young man, waving his hand; "I'm off to pack my hat box. Make my adieus and obeisances to the Prince, will you, if ever he asks for me? I will not interrupt him now."

Glenmorrison watched him go, with a careless grace of carriage that had something almost dainty and womanish about it. Then the smile broadened on his face.

Oho, Aidam, lad!" he murmured; "ye are sick to hear the whaup birlin' at his wild sang doon the wind, are ye? And every grouse cock that chunners in a heather buss is happier than ye! An' it's the springtime on Millwharchar Muir, is it? And the Walkinshaw, doon there" (he pointed with his hand), "is a puir lass that has paid her price, and your heart is sore vexed for her. Aye, aye, Aidam! Ow, aye, Aidam!"

And Glenmorrison, sitting with his elbows on his knees, leaned forward till his broad, smooth shaven chin rested on the ebony handle of his cane, and watched the young man till he lost sight of the tall, slender figure in the press of the country folk on mules and donkeys, all coming out of the city laden with their purchases or rattling the empty baskets of their ingoing merchandise.

■

Aye, aye," he communed with himself, well pleased at his own penetration, "I ken I thocht it wad come. And it will tak' him the sairer noo when it has. There never was a Kilpatrick that could stand against a petticoat. And this yin has been lang in catchin' the fever. It will gang the harder wi' him for that! And a bit slip o' a country lass, too—after haein' escapit a' the braw dames o' King Louis' Court!"

He arose awhile, stretched himself carefully and with a stiff halt in his gait began to descend.

■

Aweel," he mused as he went, "it's nae manner o' use speakin' to the lad. He doesna ken what is the trouble wi' him. And faith, Guid forgie me, Glenmorrison is ower fond o' a bonny bit crattur yoursel' to hae the richt to flyte him."

"Aye," he added, chuckling, "and fond, too, o' the whaup willy whaain' doon to his nest in the gloamin'!" He chuckled again.

WILL BEGBIE WENT DOWN MILLWHARCHAR MUIR LIKE A MAN STRICKEN WITH A DEADLY WOUND, BUT YET CAN JUST STAGGER HOME TO DIE

■

Tenth Chapter

IT WAS a June morning. Mistress Bell MacLurg was out fitting the peats on the Millwharchar Muir. This is how she did it. It was yet early. The dew was pearled

on the grass, and Bell walked slowly from the little heather-girt farmsteading and down the birch tree glade. Then still more slowly she passed along the side of the burn that gurgled half hid in the bent grass till she reached the black hags on the edge of the muir

At this place, having looked at the peats her father had cast, and shaken her head over the delicate problem of where she was to begin, Bell sat down on a knoll of dry heather and gave herself up to the consideration of that and of other problems more or less remotely connected therewith.

"Here," she said, "was the very spot where I had been kneeling when —

"No,' she added, correcting herself, finger on lip, "it was there!" But it was neither For more of the peat face had been cast, and the spot where the sacred and unutterable event thus vaguely alluded to had happened was lying all about her in narrow black oblongs, of the shape and size of two bricks fastened together by their ends.

He had promised—but—it simply could not be! The laws against straggling rebels were more strictly administered than ever, the red soldiers more frequent visitors in the glen. She was glad, therefore, that there was no chance of her being interrupted at her work—so glad that as she looked downward toward the Black Craig of Dee, along the [illegible] by which he had come last year (was it only a year ago?), the landscape appeared curiously enough to dissolve, running edgewise in both directions, and a dry lump which had been hardening in her throat broke with a sound like a sob.

This was that same Bell MacLurg who had made a jest and a mocking of the rows of young men along the west wall of the kirk on Sabbaths, and even turned on her heel when the young Laird of Duchrae told her that he had seen no girl so pretty in the Assembly Rooms of Edinburgh, asking him if by chance he thought *that* was any news to her.

Yet it was this very girl who thus saw the landscape waver and melt into a gray blur, like a sum on a boy's slate at close of school.

What—it was raining! Thunder rain, too, for the drops splashing down flat and large were more than lukewarm. Bell glanced up at the sky. The sunlit blue ran every way, though still a little blurred and dim The drops must come from somewhere else. It did not occur to her that she had been crying till a shadow fell across the yellow bent and dulled the ruby-hearted heather. She started to her feet; her heart drummed in her ears, and the tears were raining down undisguisedly now. A figure, tall and darkly [illegible] was striding swiftly over the peat hags within a score of feet of her. She could not see his face. So silly it was! She darted up her apron, a pretty one with flowers speckled on it which she had put on (one never knows!), and dashed the water out of her eyes.

Some one had hold of her hands. Some one was whispering words in her ear. Will Begbie? No—not Will Begbie—by no manner of means Will Begbie

"Love—little love," he was saying (Will Begbie forsooth!) "I have come back to you—a thousand miles back for my lesson. Have you forgot that you promised to teach me how to fit the peats?"

But in spite of his cheering words Bell could only sob and sob and hold down her face. She had not really wanted him to [illegible] She had hoped that he would stay away She was very angry with him for coming. She would tell him so and send him away. Besides, it was very wrong. What would her father say? And at any rate, he could never mean it, but only to make sport of her. He was a great man. She would tell him now to go away and leave her. So she set her hands against his breast, for he was drawing her dangerously near to him and saying—well, things that her ears ached to hear and her heart bounded to listen to

Then with a tremendous effort Bell lifted her face to speak. She was just opening her mouth to tell him that he must not—when—when something cataclysmic happened. The sky went around and around; the world spun like a top. The earth heaved under her feet All the wide spaces seemed to grow full of honeysuckle and balm and sweet spices. Odors of the divine and human floated dizzying about her. She trod on the viewless air. Rosy clouds uphore her, and she found herself held very close to a blue silk vest underneath which a man's heart was beating very loud. Her hands, which she could have sworn that she had raised for the purpose of keeping him at a proper distance, were clasped about his neck. It was no use to pretend any more. Also, it was much nicer.

He had heard that there was to be a troop of horse that day

Eleventh Chapter

"BUT you should not have come at all. You know you should not. I did not mean you to come. And you are in danger You must go away at once, or else I shall not love you!

The young man, whose face now wore a very different expression from that which we had seen upon it under the olive tree over against the Bridge of Avignon, felt himself held tighter as the tender voice murmured reproachfully, "You must go away again!"

Once on a time, and not so long ago, either, Adam Home had thought that his life was over. With a kind of relief he had felt (as he believed) his pulses beat slower and steadier. He had looked cold and unmoved upon the fascinations of the easy beauties of two Courts. So he was sure that his youth had indeed passed away. But now, held in the light of Bell MacLurg's eyes, exultation took hold of him to find that his heart had never played so rare a tune for any woman, and that this Bonnet Laird's daughter had taught him that there was a sweeter cup to set to his lips than he had ever dreamed of draining on his life's journey.

"You knew you were in danger, yet you have come back to me."

To Bell there was something acutely, even painfully, exquisite in the thought. Fire as well as blood ran in the girl's veins

"Oh, but you should not—you ought not!" she cried; "you must go back at once! If any one should see you, what should I do? Go! Go!"

But, nevertheless, Adam Home felt himself held tighter, for the face that looked up at him was at once radiant with a maid's love and fierce with a mother's anxiety.

Smiles ran rippling across the girl's lips as often as they were disengaged—while each time she held him at a distance in order to search his face (to see if he really meant it), tears welled in her eyes till they grew large and deep and suffused, being filled with a kind of glorified mist

And then Adam Home told his tale at length. To do it he bade her sit down beside him on a tussock of "ling" in the lee of a great face of peat Before she did so Bell cast her eye around the horizon and her mind over the possibilities. Her father was at Cairn Edward. He would likely go on to Dumfries it was market day there, and he might be long detained—might, indeed, not return that night

Will Begbie—well, it did not much matter where Will was. She held Will in the hollow of her hand. So she thought as she settled herself down on the great tussock of dry, purple heather. There were no King's soldiers in the neighborhood ever since L gonier's [illegible] been called abroad, and with them marched that young ensign who had come "once-errand," as the country folk say, from Dumfries, just to see whether Bell's eyes were as gloriously blue as had been reported to them. He went back declaring that the half had not been told him—but adding that her heart was as flinty as her eyes were blue

And there and thus Adam Home told his tale and settled the aching of his heart, feasting his eyes on their desire till the sun rose to the zenith and began to sink again, and still on the wide Millwharchar Muir not a peat was fitted.

Moreover, Bell began to grow hungry. As for Adam, he did not care whether or no he ever tasted food again. Indeed, the very thought jarred upon him. But not so Bell. For, rising at last after many attempts out of the encircling fortress, she extracted from under the lip of a moss-hag a white wrapped bundle and a brown jug. With these she spread before him her frugal midday meal—scones of flour and farles of cake, in quantity scanty enough for one and a laughing stock for two—yet very bread of the gods when administered in finger-lengths with spices and condiments, thus.

"Open your mouth, sir—no, you don't! There, now eat that! Did you ever get anything so nice in France? You know you never did. You know it in your heart, sir I suppose you have been drinking such rare and expensive wines that you turn up your nose at honest buttermilk. But I will teach you, sir, to play your whimsies off on me! Another bite? Ah, would you! One thing at a time, if you please, Master Adam Charles Francis Home! Oho, sir, I have not forgotten your name, you see! Not that I believe a syllable of the Charles Francis, any more than I do of all the other nonsense you have been talking this morning!"

All at once she clasped her hands with a pathetic little gesture of dramatic despair

"Adam," she cried, "we have forgotten to fit a single peat! What will my father say to me when he comes home? (Thank Heaven, he is at Dumfries by now!)"

Adam Home indicated that he cared not even an infinitesimal coin of the realm what her father said, and that he had not come a thousand miles and a thousand to the back of that only to fit peats all day.

At this Bell's mouth dropped, and she glanced up at him with shocked reproach

"But you told me when you first arrived that you had come for your lesson, and if that is not true how can I believe anything else you have told me since?"

Adam Home hastened to supply her with an additional and confirmatory evidence.

"Well, if that be true," said Bell, daintying herself after eating, "you must help me with my peats. I must have something to show, you know, or John and Alec will wonder."

"Let them wonder," said Adam Home. "Bell, will you come away with me? I want you to leave all this. Can you take a landless and moneyless man, one without country or kin? Would you leave your people to wander the earth with him?"

Bell put out her hand

Her eyes were downcast and smiling, yet she did not answer for a while. Then she glanced up quickly at him

"What do you think yourself?" she said, daring him with her eyes

He did not heed her light mood, but went on more earnestly and boldly, "Will you, Bell? Take time before you answer, for it means all to me."

"Aye, truly," said Bell, suddenly growing as pale as himself "I will go with you the world over! You know well that you have made me love you!"

"And I," said Adam Home, taking her hand, "will faithfully serve you, will give my life to keep you safe, my love, my wife! I will joy to do your bidding—"

Bell glanced up with a sudden light in her demure eye and a rush of red back to her pale cheek. "I would far rather that you made *me* do your bidding."

"I may have to do that, too, madam," said Adam Home, with an [illegible] in his eye better begin now. I have found a safe way out of the country. A French ship sails a week hence from Loch Ryan She calls at Isle Rathan, whence a boat may be put out to her under cloud of night. My friend, Patrick Heron, though a great King George's man, has there a good Jacobite clergyman in hiding with him—a man, like myself, somewhat tainted in the recent troubles. He will marry us—that is, if between times you do not change your mind. Patrick's wife will welcome you for my sake, for she, too, wears the white rose in her heart. And as for Pat, he will welcome you for your own. For, having wedded one of them himself, he naturally loves all pretty, scornful lasses. Bell, what say you to my plan? Will you come?"

"I cannot even if I would. I shall not have any wedding dress!" she objected, feeling that he was taking things rather too much for granted

Her pretty lips pouted and her foot kicked at a tuft of grass. "And I had thought it all out during the winter. It was to be white silk with gold broidering—long in the waist, short in the skirt—so pretty over a quilted petticoat of blue, with black stockings and buckled shoes. Bess Kerr told me of one she saw in Edinburgh at the Assembly Rooms, but I knew I could better it And now I cannot. I won't be married in my old taffeta. It is a shame But men do not care I suppose you would be glad if I had only my apron."

"I would, indeed, be well content," said Adam gravely. "I want only you, you see. I did not come from France to marry a 'grande costume'"

"But I shall not look at all pretty. You will be ashamed of me. In France you will go out with your great ladies and leave me Are you sure you never will? Tell me—tell me at once!"

Adam told her several times, being held tightly by the lapels of his coat while he did so.

"No, do not bend your head, hold it up—so. I want to see by your eyes if you are speaking the truth. You really love me in this old gown better than all the fine ladies of the Court? And you will always love me just as much, and never, never, never grow tired of me?

Twelfth Chapter

WHILE Adam was engrossed in the long-continued business of satisfying these and other reasonable inquiries and doubts of his sweetheart, it was natural enough that both of them should be wholly absorbed in their own affairs

Had either of them turned their heads, all the rest of this story might have run differently. But neither moved, so they did not notice that behind them a man was crouched on the top of the peat bank looking directly down upon them. He could hear the low murmur of their voices He could see Bell's face turned tenderly and smilingly up, with that look upon it which means happiness to but one man—for it is the unmistakable look of a woman's glad surrender and resignation. He could see, and after that he turned away, Adam Home's face bowed down to silence with a long kiss a pair of appealing and petitionary lips.

Will Begbie went down Millwharchar Muir like a man stricken with a deadly wound, who yet can just stagger home to die. He

had come up to the hill with purpose to see Bell MacLurg, and, it might be, help her with her peat-fitting. He had watched her that day as he had done every day since the man whose life he had saved had gone to France. And though for a little while after the lugger sailed from the Water of Fleet with the red-capped sailor on board Bell had seemed pensive, of late all had changed and her voice was once more heard gay—caroling in the morn, like the mavis in little bursts of song, as she swung her milking-pail or tripped up the loaning to summon home the pasturing kine with the old melodious call:

"Hurley, Hurley, hie away hame!"

Will Begbie had loved Bell a long time—indeed, ever since he could remember her, a little, dainty, dotting thing of two or three whom he used to carry afield to gather gowans on the knowes while he mowed the rushy hollows, or to lose herself in the corn field where the tall poppies waved scarlet like a thousand soldiers' coats.

For years he had counted her as surely his, watching her as she grew up, rejoicing in her beauty, glad when the suitors came flocking, and chuckling to himself with a quiet smile as he saw them betake themselves out of the glen, riding sullenly on their steeds, yet, nevertheless, turning in their saddles to take a last look at Bell as she stood in the doorway waving them off into the great world again.

He had never spoken of love to Bell. But he had depended upon her knowing. And he had liked her to count upon him in all things. It was, "Will, do this," and Will had done it already. "Will, come here," and Will came like a dog. At kirk and market, if there happened to be nobody newer or better, Will was at hand to escort Bell home, never intrusive nor in the way, ready to recognize the interests of sport and keep discreetly in the background so long as he was not wanted, but all the same there—ready and happy to be whistled up on occasion, like his own faithful Bawty.

In short, the relation into which Bell and Will had dropped was precisely that most unlikely to be favorable to the intentions of either.

For Will never doubted but that Bell, when she had tired of novelty and the exercise of her power, would turn to him. Bell, on herself, when she thought of the matter at all, had an idea of making good old Will, faithful Will, happy—by loving him as a sister. This appeared to her an ambition so new, so untried, so laudable, and, moreover, one so likely to meet Will's own views (when properly explained to him), that she never doubted but that all was for the best between them. So she took Will Begbie's arm with a sister's freedom, and patted him on the head as he sat by the fire watching her with adoring eyes, like a big dog. Once at Hallowe'en she had even let him kiss her when the nuts were cracking merrily on the hearth and kissing was in the [illegible]. Will thought of that every night. He was too proud of it ever to try for another. But to marry Will Begbie! Why, Bell never thought of such a thing!

But Will did, and now as he stumbled blindly down the hill, his heart clay-cold and dead within his breast, the whole bright summer landscape running in glorious red and green and purple from verge to horizon verge, gay with flowers underfoot, white-winged with clouds above—all suddenly went ashen gray and lifeless about him.

He looked angrily up at the muir fowl, the clamorous peesweeps, the whinnying snipe, the wailing curlew. They vexed him. He wished he could twist their necks and silence them forever. Bell had been taken from him. Now she could never be his. He had seen it. He had never before surprised that look on a woman's face. Now he never would see it for himself. But he knew its meaning on Bell's all too well.

So he stumbled dully into the stable. It seemed the safest refuge. He would escape from the clamor and the brightness there.

Blossom, Pet Blossom, the little gray mare he had been keeping as a surprise for Bell, turned and whinnied to him. He was used to bring her a piece of sugar in his pocket, concealing it from his housekeeper, who did not approve of luxuries. Now Pet Blossom vexed him, and as she nuzzled against his coat he thrust her fiercely from him, as if she had been responsible for the faithless, cruel girl who should have been her mistress. Then, his heart relenting, he bent his head on Blossom's mane and did what many a man has done before and since, though that which none will ever own to.

Slowly he came to himself, an angry and desperate bitterness rising in his heart. This man, he knew, was a great lord—an exile truly, but still, in spite of that, a great lord. He could mean no good to Bell. He was deceiving her. It might soon be too late. This man had used his hospitality to win away his sweetheart from him. But at this point, with a quick revulsion, his heart refused to give up all hope. Even now it might be possible. All was not yet lost. He might still save Bell.

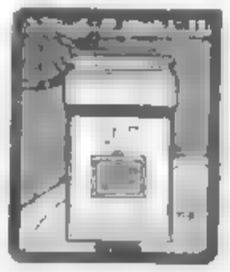
Even as he thought these things in his heart he was saddling Blossom. That mettlesome little lady threw up her head and moved her feet rejoicingly and expectantly on the hard, earthen floor of the stable.

He had suddenly remembered that Ninian MacLurg would be at market that day. He would warn him of the traitor within his gates. But in the background of Will Begbie's heart there was another and less worthy thought. He told himself that he was a good King's man, with a duty to his country—even if there was an extra loft above the barn at the old farmsteading.

He had heard that there was to be a troop of horse that day in Cairn Edward, under young Ensign Pelham. His herd Jock had seen them riding two by two yestere'en along the military road from the shire. They could not yet have gone. He could make up his mind on the way what he would do if he found them.

So Will Begbie mounted at the stable door, and the next moment, with a glad clatter of hoofs and a ring of bridle-iron, Blossom was flying down the glen toward Cairn Edward.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LETTER WRITER

By Tudor Jenks

AS THE rose has its thorn, so has the received letter its required answer. Only a Napoleon could leave his mail unopened for the fortnight during which most of the letters would answer themselves. Lesser mortals must expect the joy of reading to be followed by the black care of answering, and exclaim with the wise man of old, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" rather than a letter.

The cold world of business and the gilded world of aristocracy and wealth may dictate to a stenographer or delegate to a secretary, but we of the people must snatch a hurried moment from the already overburdened hours, and force the mind into tune with the correspondent. Then from the warmed-over emotions comes the insincere reply that tolls the knell of friendship.

In the old days there were a dozen possible styles of epistolary composition. Aminadab could describe the state of the weather, the condition of the crops, he could rehearse the argument wherein, to believe himself, he overcame the judge, the squire or the rector; he could outline the plot of that rare bird, a new book. And in return Prudence, if a country lass, could intrust to him a commission; she could tell of the charms of the new schoolmaster, knowing well the direful effect of her apparent unconsciousness.

But to-day neither of the lovers has any resource from direct personality. All must be either I, I, I, or you, you, you—the first rank egotism, the second sheer affectation.

Practical-minded folks wholly abandon any but the telegrammatic style. It is: "Baby is well, Maria's toothache better, and mama leaves for the Philippines on Wednesday." None but poets and young girls green with the sweet illusions of adolescence consider letter-writing other than a duty.

It is time that some system was introduced into this interchange of intelligence. The ordinary domestic letter, if analyzed, would fall readily into a simple formula. There would be such a percentage of Endearing Address; such a proportion of Reassurance; a part comprising Conventional Affection; a trace of Actual News; a remnant for Graceful Retreat, and an exaggerated mass of Concluding Phrases. This mixture of ingredients, finished with Signature and Address (in full), furnishes forth quite a respectable Family Epistle, and is received in Plenary Absolution for the sin of an unanswered letter.

An example will do no harm:

"New York, ——, 1900.

"Dearest Aunt Jane:

"You never forget that your nephew, far from home, treasures the rare letters that come to him as bits of the old home itself. [*Endearing Address concluded.*] I am quite well and so far have escaped all the ills feared for me by the over-anxious ones at the old homestead. Yes, your letter came safely, and I cannot plead illness as an excuse for not re-

[illegible]

now nearly recovered. [*End of Reassurance Clause.*] I am glad to have even one familiar face within a hundred miles, for you may be sure I often recall the dear ones at home, and would be perhaps homesick if I were not so absorbed in business details. Remember me with love to the family. [*Conventional Affection Exhausted.*]

"There is nothing much to tell you, except that business is improving and the outlook for the next few months is fairly bright. I met your old friend, Clara Mackenzie—she was Clara Richardson, you know. She is looking well, and asks to be remembered. [*Actual News.*]

"It is late, and though I should like to write you a good long letter, I fear I ought not to sit up longer, as I must be up early in the morning at this season. [*Graceful retreat accomplished.*] So good-by, dearest Aunt Jane, and write again soon to your nephew, who will never forget your kindness, and who will try next time to send you a really good letter full of all the interesting things one sees in this new world. [*Concluding Phrases used up.*]

"With love and warmest remembrances to all the loved ones, I am your most sincerely affectionate nephew,

JOHN PETER BARLEYCORN

[Signature with trimmings.]

"Miss JANE PETTIGREW BARLOW,

"18 South Oxford Road,

"Bare Meadows, Lushington,

"Manchester, England." [Address.]

Such is the dutiful family letter.

Now all this should be avoided by a few brief formulæ. There should be printed forms which, by means of gummed edges, might be fastened one below another to any desired length, and these forms could be made to cover all of the ingredients except that falling under the head of Actual News, for which a short slip of blank paper might be made to serve.

Better yet, however, would be a set of conventional abbreviations standing for the different portions of the discourse, missing words and phrases being "understood" as in that delight of boyhood, the Latin Grammar. So treated, the above letter might be thus expressed:

[illegible]

As received, the letter to Aunt Jane would then take the following form:

"D. Jane. O. K., D. D., met Clara Mackenzie, née Richardson, O. K., D. D. T. D. etc.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

The address being added, it will be found easy to translate the above into all the actual intelligence contained in the original epistle.

The same idea might be extended, and needs only "Eli Perkins'" suggestion of using numbers instead of adjectives and other expressions of quality to be almost a complete code. Melville D. Landon in his book Saratoga in 1901 (which seemed absurdly far in the future in those days), suggested that if your friend said it was "a fine day," you might reply, "80 per cent." A pretty girl might be 98½ per cent. Of course a mere acquiescence would be expressed by 50 per cent., scorn by 10 per cent., and complete disagreement might go to the length of negative quantities, such as — 25 per cent.

Combining the two systems, a love letter might begin: D. 250 per cent.; while a mere formal phrase would be D. 20 per cent.; to a brother, D. 90 per cent. would seem about right. D. 100 per cent. being for a parent.

THOMAS N. HART
Mayor of Boston

FEW men stand higher in the business circles of Boston than Thomas N. Hart, Mayor of the City and President of the Mount Vernon National Bank. Mayor Hart retired from commercial pursuits twenty years ago, and was at that time senior member of a firm of hatters. But an active man such as he must have something to occupy his mind. The habits of application, alert attention and constant, regular employment, generated in fifty years of active life, becomes too fixed and hardened to be snapped off at a moment's notice; the man's pleasure is in his work. A brief experience of idleness soon proves to him where his true recreation lies. Such a disposition as his will not permit itself to rust out, and so on his retirement from business he accepted the Presidency of the Mount Vernon National Bank, the affairs of which he has directed ever since.

Mr. Hart is seventy years old, but time has dealt leniently with him.

Mr. Hart is essentially a self-made man. At the age of thirteen he left his farm home in Reading, Massachusetts, and came to Boston to seek employment. He soon secured a situation with a dry-goods firm, but after two years' service there entered the employ of Philip A. Locke & Co., hatters. In 1851 Mr. Hart became a member of the firm, and some years later, when Mr. Locke retired from business, Mr. Hart succeeded him and established a new firm in which he acquired his handsome competency.

When Mr. Hart retired from commercial pursuits he began to take a livelier interest in politics than had been [illegible].

He was elected to the Common Council and the Board of Aldermen of the city government of Boston, and in 1888 as the Republican Mayor of a normally Democratic city Mr. Hart gave the people of that city a clean, businesslike administration.

Last year, when the Republicans were casting about for a Mayoralty candidate, Mr. Hart was again nominated and triumphantly elected.

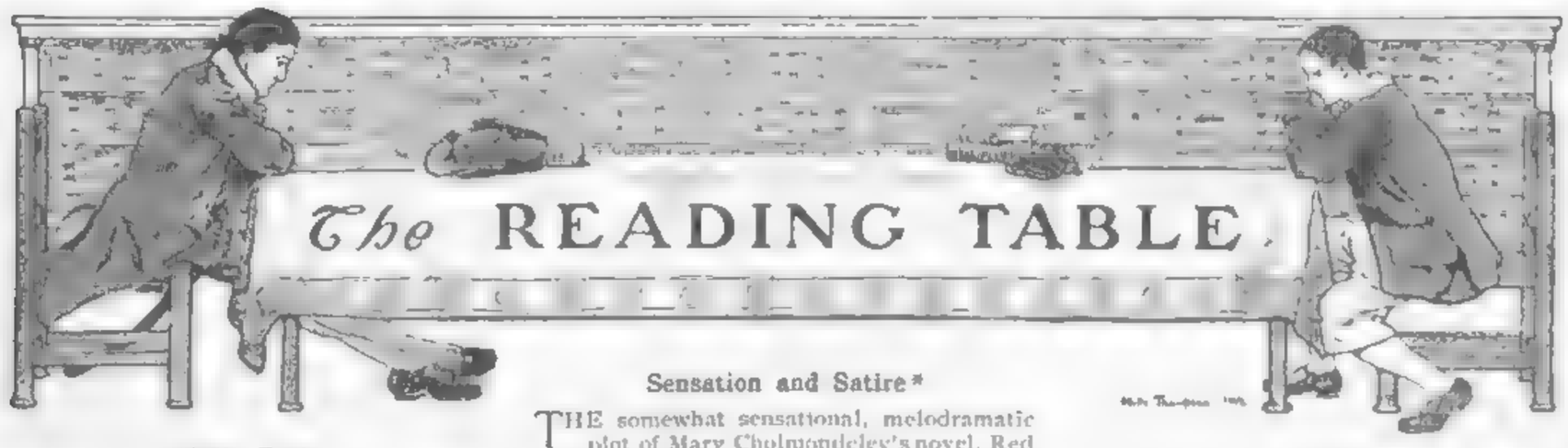
Now hear what Mr. Hart says: "Whatever success I have attained I attribute to strict attention to business. The young man who starts out in life with the serious intention of making a reputation and a fortune for himself has a hard and difficult task before him. His path will not be strewn with roses. He will meet with many disappointments. Ideals will be shattered before his eyes, and often the clouds will hang heavily over him.

"The young man who is waiting and watching for the shutters to go up, and is ever anxious to leave on the dot of closing time, who never does any more than is expected of him, will be of little use to himself or his employers. He might as well give up the idea of ever amounting to anything. In my own case, if I may be permitted to make the observation, I worked hard, early and late. I always seemed to anticipate the wants of my employers. I had generally attended to things before they themselves had thought of them. I had always their interests in mind, and thus made myself valuable—so valuable, in fact, that they thought they could not get along without me, and so, one day, made me a member of the firm.

"If there be any such thing as luck I think it consists in being on hand at the right time, and the young man who attends strictly to business is always on hand. That boy is sure to be pushed ahead when a vacancy occurs. Success in life is purchased only at the price of personal sacrifice. My own first appreciable success in life was when I was made a member of the firm of my employers. I did not make a great deal of money in that position, but during those six years the foundation for the business of Hart, Taylor & Co. was laid deep and firm. After that it was smoother sailing.

"When I stop and consider my early struggles for a foothold in commercial Boston I wonder how I ever succeeded, but I attribute it all to hard work, faithfulness to self and employers, honesty in dealing with all, strict attention to business, sobriety, frugality, and living within my means.

"Young men or women who will do this will greatly enhance their chances for making a success in life."



The READING TABLE

About Boys*

READERS of Eden Phillpotts' striking and sombre romance, Children of the Mist, have a surprise in store for them when they make the acquaintance of the author's newer fiction, The Human Boy. Anything more unlike can hardly be imagined, and the difference marks Mr. Phillpotts' versatility. The volume contains a series of eleven short stories of English schoolboy life, for the material of which the writer has evidently drawn upon his personal memories. The various tales are told by as many lads who attend Doctor Dunston's establishment at Merivale, and these narrators are of ages running from ten to fifteen years, the style and orthography being skillfully adapted to the degree of maturity. And very genuine boy-talk it is, full of slang and queer grammar; full, too, of boyish prejudices, likes and limitations, along with such sturdy ideals as pluck, honor and a sort of kindliness—rough and ready, but recognizable, nevertheless—the ideals which make the British the dominant race it is on the face of the earth.

These sketches are delightfully fresh, racy and natural; one learns of studies and sports, the mischief makings and punishments of the schoolboys; sees the cock of the school in all his glory, the fag at his slaving, the head master judged by those stern mentors, his pupils—and the pretty daughters of the Doctor, too, who draw the boys from the cricket field and give them their first initiation into the mysteries of the human heart.

Sketches like Freckles and Frenchy, Concerning Corkey Minimus, and Gideon's Front Tooth are packed full of human nature, and all of the scenes have a "go" and unction which will make many an old boy, as he reads, feel himself to be whittling the old desk again. The book is a good example of the best kind of art—the art that conceals itself.

The Study of a Striking Personality†

IT IS rather dangerous business to introduce real people, more or less veiled, into fiction. Yet very able novelists—one thinks of Disraeli and DuMaurier, for instance—have done it with no damaging results. Mr. Morley Roberts has tried the experiment in his The Colossus, and few will deny that he has written an extremely strong, clever book.

Under the name of Loder, Cecil Rhodes is the central figure, and the study of this king of affairs is keen and telling. Loder is placed in Egypt, where he has one of his big schemes on to get a railway concession which shall expedite his power both in that land and in South Africa. He is opposed by wily Orientals, and he and his trusty henchmen, of whom several are vividly portrayed, find themselves temporarily blocked. He is helped out of his dilemma by a young woman who loves him as an embodiment of masterfulness, and whom he is mortally afraid of. Loder's attitude toward the fair sex is humorously touched off by the author, and the dialogue sparkles with epigrams, while the action is brisk and the complications well managed.

The Colossus is a bundle of inconsistencies, but uniting them all are the imperial will and the Napoleonic grasp of things which make him a great man of his kind.

Not only the sketch of him, but that of the girl and of the group of English folk directly about Loder Rhodes, is capitally drawn. One wishes for space to show by quotation the wit and wisdom compressed at times into small compass by Mr. Roberts.

* The Human Boy. By Eden Phillpotts. *Harper & Brothers.*

† The Colossus. By Morley Roberts. *Harper & Brothers.*

Sensation and Satire*

THE somewhat sensational, melodramatic plot of Mary Cholmondeley's novel, Red Pottage, reminds the reader that she once wrote that successful mystery tale, The Danvers Jewels. Very likely the majority will be most drawn to this later book by a dramatic central theme full of ex[illegible] The husband of the woman, who has been wronged by another man, forces that man to draw lots as to which one of them shall commit suicide within five months—and thence many complications arise. But to our mind the most valuable part of the story, and that which evokes genuine admiration for the author, is the delicate yet very pungent satire in the social studies of English country and town life; the strong character drawings, especially of the two girl friends, Rachel and Hester, and the really delicious humor which plays on the surface of an underlying seriousness in viewing life, like foam on a mid sea wave.

The novel is thus at once thoughtful and brilliant and ethically sound, at the same time that its plot will attract those who care for that element alone. It is not surprising to hear that the book is selling well and is already being dramatized for stage purposes. Here again one marks passage after passage as quotable; the writer is never commonplace or obvious. When she wishes to convey the idea that a certain woman has gained in flesh to a point where quiet colors are advisable, she puts it in this way: "Mrs. Pratt had reached the size when it is prudent to concentrate a love of bright colors in one's parasol."

—*Richard Burton.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

An Author in an Unexpected Place.—Of Miss Gordon-Cumming, the traveler and author, a story comes from London illustrating how closely the world is bound together nowadays. While visiting the Fusan temple, a famous Buddhist resort in the Province of Fokien, China, she engaged in conversation with a plainly dressed Chinaman, whom she thought to be one of the ecclesiastics. He spoke excellent English, though with a very faulty accent, and told her many interesting stories and legends about the place. At the end of fifteen minutes the distinguished author produced her note-book and pencil.

"Pardon me," she said, "but what you have told me is so interesting that I desire to take memoranda so that I can use it hereafter."

"With pleasure," replied the Chinaman; "but I can save you that trouble by giving you copies of the North China News in which my articles have appeared."

Mr. Lloyd's Remedy.—Henry Demarest Lloyd, of Chicago, author of Wealth and Commonwealth, is busy on a book describing his experiences and studies in Australia, where he made an extensive lecture tour. Like Henry George and other American reformers who have been to the Land of the Kangaroo, he received a warm welcome. He found in the Antipodes the same questions and the same schools of thought as mark our own country. Though Mr Lloyd is a strong advocate of State socialism, he is a conservative in regard to plans and methods, believing that the only way to secure genuine reform is by movements along the lines indicated by natural law. This makes him somewhat of an enigma to those reformers who would revolutionize everything to-morrow. One of this type met Lloyd once and said:

"You admit our social and industrial systems are corrupt and evil?"

"Yes, to a certain extent they are."

"Then why not abolish them at once and give the people a chance?"

"Because," replied Mr. Lloyd, "the people themselves are just as corrupt and evil."

* Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. *Harper & Brothers.*

"Then there is no hope for betterment?"

"Yes, there is. You can never have good government without good citizens, nor good citizens without good government. The real problem is how to make them both better."

Mr. Wells' Criticism of His Critics.—H. G. Wells, the novelist, has been greatly mystified by the difference in treatment accorded by English and American critics to his latest work, When the Sleeper Wakes. "This book was written with a double purpose," said the author to an American friend in London recently; "it tried to picture what science would do for society in the next one hundred years, and also what society might do for itself in that period if some of its present tendencies are not modified."

The English critics only saw the first side and referred to the "coming kingdom of machinery" and "the future horrors of science," whereas the American critics went almost to the opposite extremes, alluding to the story as a companion piece to Bellamy's Looking Backward, an "indirect plea for State socialism" and "a savage thrust at plutocracy." Between the two millstones the author appears to be fairly well ground. Mr. Wells' health has been much better of late, the change being ascribed to his removal to Heatherlea, Worcester Park, and thence to Sandgate, Kent.

A Murderous Game.—Professor Charles Oman, of Oxford, the English historian and military critic, enjoys playing the German martial game known as "kriegspiel." The game involves the use of a regular map with counters, representing infantry, cavalry and artillery, and is supposed to have great educational value in the learning of tactics and strategy. The Doctor played with great regularity, sometimes alone and sometimes with friends. In both cases he would use sanguinary terms commenting upon the various movements. It seems he was overheard by a housemaid, who, after listening a number of times, went in fear and trembling to the doorkeeper.

"Lor', ma'am," she said, "the gentleman is mad with too many books, and is contemplating murder or suicide. He sits at the table all day long sticking blackheaded pins into a sheet of paper, saying to himself in a cold-blooded way, 'Here I'll have to kill a hundred and there I'll drown fifty. I'll do some shooting there, and I'll cut them all to pieces with horses over yonder.' I think it is your duty, ma'am, to send for a straight-jacket or the police."

Mrs. Burnett's Romantic Find. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is conscientious, and even painstaking, in her literary work. Her latest novel deals with the De Willoughby claim and is singularly accurate from a legal and historic point of view. To obtain the information employed in the book, the author while living in Washington spent much time in the record rooms of the Government departments which have jurisdiction in such matters. Here, she says, she absorbed large quantities of information and book dust. On one occasion she asked a custodian:

"Do any of these old claims contain romantic features?"

"Bless my heart, no," answered the astonished official. "Not a bit; they are simply matters of fact and law."

She started to read one as a matter of duty, feeling that it would be exceedingly uninteresting. To her surprise it was so full of startling incidents as to be almost melodramatic, and when she closed the case she found that several hours had elapsed. To the ancient custodian who stood near she observed, "I found that record quite [illegible]."

"Indeed!" was the answer. "I have read it several times, but I never thought it was as crooked as all that."

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Tales of Men of Many Trades

Nicholas Richmond's Pulmonary Pills

By Charles Battell Loomis

MILLER & BLAKE'S was as dingy a store as you could find in lower New York. It stood on John Street, not far from William, and at its uncompromising front with four rows of dirty windows were a grim hoistway and a gloomy doorway, covered with dangling signs of Leverett's Hair Rejuvenntor, Baird's Bloom of Health, and Ritter's Carbolic Face Powder. Its dark and gloomy interior was filled with littered desks and cases of patent medicines and a pervading odor of carbolic acid, reinforced on certain days by the sickening fragrance of pepsin in the making—it was not the sort of place to promote the building of air castles

And yet when Nicholas Richmond, fresh from school, and fresh besides with an innocence and gayety that endeared him to women and made men more than tolerate him, came there as clerk, he supposed that in course of a weary time he would become a partner in the concern; and then he would retire with alacrity and live on the profits that would everlastingly flow in. All business was lamentable, he thought; but unless a man could make a fortune as well as a name in letters, trade was a less bitter dose

Nicholas' father had been "Harry Rockdale," famous in the days of the Knickerbocker Magazine and Pfaff's, when Poe was yet alive. But although Mr Richmond had made a good deal of money, his day had passed when Nicholas came on the scene, and the boy did not remember the time when his mother had not had to skimp and manage in order to run the house. Both parents died within a few months of each other. Nicholas put away his ambition to go to college and become a writer, and determined to go into business. Although the genial Henry Richmond had always affected a contempt for business, Nicholas' mother had said that five dollars a week sure was better than a hundred dollars a month that you never got. Mrs. Richmond had a way of putting things that might have been valuable if she, like her gifted husband, had held the pen of a ready writer

How carefully Nicholas had expressed himself in his reply to the advertisement of Miller & Blake for an office boy! He made four attempts before he felt satisfied

[illegible] one I noticed an advertisement to the effect that you were in need of a strong, willing boy in your business. I am he. Hoping to get the situation, as I need the salary, [illegible] Yours truly

NICHOLAS RICHMOND."

Miller, who was short and stout and jolly, tossed the letter over to his partner, Blake, who was tall and lean, and whose face wore an expression of perpetual surprise, owing to the distance between his eyes and his eyebrows

"I'll give this lad a chance," said Miller. "A boy with a sense of humor gets along better than a dull boy."

"If he ain't too funny," growled Blake. "That boy's too fresh."

"Well, he won't be fresh long if he comes here," said Miller, with his silent chuckle. And of a truth, the patent medicine business is a great dispeller of freshness

Some one, probably Tupper, has said that our inability to read each other's thoughts causes many misapprehensions. To Miller & Blake, and to most of the force of clerks in the establishment, Richmond was simply an office boy, who was paid two dollars a week and who probably didn't earn it. That he was the son of "Harry Rockdale" no one knew; indeed, it is not likely that any of the patent medicine crowd had ever heard of "Harry Rockdale" and his Tales of Old New York

On the other hand, Nicholas felt that he was conferring a favor upon the house in coming. To speak in a paradox, he looked down on the tall Blake and the dumpy Miller from the bottom of his heart.

There was bald-headed Peter Mallon, who had made a fortune out of Mallon's Hair Restorer but had been too busy to restore his own thatch; there was grizzled Doctor Onderdonk, who dealt in some abominable pill; there was—and he was not so bad—red headed and uproarious Captain Simpson, of the Hypatia, who came in to see Miller at the end of each trip. Human beings all, thought Nicholas, but not a gentleman in the lot

After one month in the dull store, Richmond knew that all he had imagined business to be was more than true, and he determined to mitigate the drudgery as much as possible. When he came to the store in the morning it was his duty to sweep the aisles so that the place might take on the appearance of respectability, but he was more interested in current politics and in the morning papers than in sweeping. There was so much to be said in favor of Blaine and the need of an honest count in the South, and Schmitt, the other office boy, needed so much to learn that it was only by protection to American industries that the United States could thrive, that it is small wonder if the arrival of one or both of the partners found the aisles still littered with the débris of the previous day

Imperturbable in the face of reproof, and unaffectedly good-natured and willing in all that did not appertain to the business in hand, Nicholas made a personal success while he was making a failure as an office boy. His grasp of political knowledge was really far in advance of his years, and he converted to Republicanism Dick Slattery, the shipping-clerk, by noontide arguments, which, while they gave edification to the group of loungers that made the shipping department their rendezvous, did not further the interests of the patent medicine business.

"Where would Blaine have been to day if he had put as little heart into politics as you do into this business?" asked John McMillan, one of the Western drummers, who was preparing for his fall trip, and who had taken a fancy to Nicholas and often rallied him on his lack of diligence

"Is Blaine, the newspaper editor, remembered nowadays?" was Nicholas' answer "His heart was in politics and he got where his heart was I haven't made up my mind where my heart is, but it isn't in John Street."

"'Tis not always where a man's hairt is that his money is," said John Dempsey, the truckman. "Me late brother loved horses an' he sunk all his money on 'em—at the races."

"Well, if Nicholas here ever makes a fortune it will be on account of luck—not by his own efforts," said McMillan

"I guess you're right," said Nicholas, as if McMillan were referring to some one else. "By-bye—I've got to go to Canal Street and if I sprint I'll save my carfare." And he was out like a flash

"I'm afraid a boy as quick as him wouldn't settle down," said Dempsey, stroking the red fringe under his chin. "'Tis a nice lad."

"He'll never settle down to this," said Schmitt with a sneer. "He thinks he's above it."

"Thin he'll soon be behind it," said Dempsey sententiously.

Nicholas was not likely to win out on account of his faithfulness or his aptitude for business. Luck must step in. And his father had inadvertently provided for it years before. The boy had been named Nicholas because on the day he was born "Harry Rockdale" was reading Nicholas Nickleby (for the third time) No Richmond in the field, so far as his father knew, had ever been called Nicholas, and his mother would have preferred that the child be named Henry, but Nicholas it was—to suit the author's whim

That had happened sixteen years before, and now there was another of the name, a physician, who, coming to New York from Albany quite unknown, had become one of the leading specialists in pulmonary complaints by sheer force of brilliancy. Probably his Nicholas was a souvenir of Dutch ancestors but that as it may, there was no medical man in New York who enjoyed quite the vogue of Dr. Nicholas Richmond.

DRAWN BY F. H. GRUGER

"DID YOU SEND THEM THAT BILL?" SAID BLAKE, HIS EYES BLAZING

Young Richmond was addressing circulars to the different retail druggists throughout the country when Miller came up to him and said, "Isn't your first name Nicholas?"

"Yes, sir"

"Are you related to Dr R[illegible]

"Not that I know of," said Nicholas

"All the better Do you want to sign a paper and get some money for it?"

"After I've read it," said Richmond with admirable caution

Miller laughed. "You ain't afraid I'd stick you?"

"My grandfather signed away a fortune," was Nicholas' noncommittal answer

Well," said Miller, "our chemist has invented a new lung medicine that is going

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"Hebe herself could serve no daintier cup"

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This health-giving South American beverage was spoken of in the highest terms of praise at the recent International Commercial Congress in Philadelphia, not only by foreign delegates, but by representatives of the United States Government, *who knew its good qualities from personal experience*

Hon. Eugene Seeger, United States Con[illegible] "The tea strengt[illegible]

Comte de Grace, Government Delegate [illegible] "Maté tea is a very strong aid to digestion and [illegible] upon the nervous system. Maté will tend to lengthen the [illegible] those who use it *I recommend this good article to Amer*

Senor Carlos M. Santos, Government Delegate [illegible] guay, declared: "Maté tea is recommended for its hygienic [illegible] and invigorating properties by scientific journals and [illegible] notabilities, and that *its general use in the United States depends solely upon its becoming more widely known as it fast beyond*

Dr W P Wilson, [illegible] and Director of the Philadelphia [illegible] shows in the highest degree the [illegible] merit of the entire wor[illegible] this analysis, [illegible] only made in South America and [illegible] these pages next month

Send 5 two cent stamps for sample of Yerba Maté Tea and illustrated booklet; or, better yet, send one dollar and receive, postpaid, with the booklet, a month's supply for several persons.

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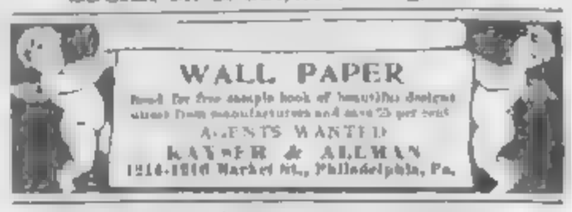
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to be the thing if it has a catchy name and is properly pushed. Now 'Nicholas Richmond's Pulmonary Pills' will catch doctors all over the country. I'll pay you ten dollars for your signature and we'll use it as a trade-mark. You write a pretty good hand."

Nicholas looked thoughtful. That very morning he had spent a few happy minutes studying the file of the Daily Graphic in Park Place. News was always more tempting than nostrums, and he whiled away many an agreeable hour reading that illustrated paper. He had read that Charles Hoyt sold his first play for a lump sum instead of on royalty, and it was the buyer who had made a fortune with it. Hoyt had learned his royalty lesson for all time.

"I can't do it on those terms, Mr. Miller," said Nicholas in his most persuasive tones. "Give me a share in the profits if my name is worth something to you and I'll do it."

Miller gave one of his silent chuckles that shook his fat little frame. "I wish you showed as much keenness for us as you do for your own interests. Well, I'll see Blake, and if he's willing I'll give you a share in the first year's profits. Only, I expect you to appreciate it."

Nicholas Richmond's Pulmonary Pills were a success from the start, and although Doctor Richmond soon enjoined them from using the Nicholas, the publicity given to that fact by the newspapers advertised the nostrum still further, and as a result the patent medicine dealers rented a house on Gold Street for the manufacture of the pills, the John Street house being already too crowded with carbolic preparations.

Blake did not like the idea of letting Nicholas in for even an infinitesimal share of the profits—said it was ridiculous—unbusinesslike—unprecedented—but jolly little Miller carried his point. Only, from that time on Blake was not at all friendly to Richmond.

For nearly a month Nicholas felt the obligation imposed upon him—which was doing well for one of his volatile disposition—and although he was no longer a sweeper of aisles, he saw to it that his successor in that line kept them clean. As for himself, he gave politics a rest for a time and showed in a number of ways that it was in him to be a capable clerk, and Miller congratulated himself upon his knowledge of human nature.

But the genius for everlasting application was not in the young man, and he gradually lapsed into the three ins—inertia, inattentiveness and indolence.

One day at noon he was booming Blaine to a knot of clerks and teamsters who were eating their lunches in the shipping-room.

"You ought to be a politician, Doc.," said Dempsey. He had been dubbed "Doc." in honor of the pills, and the name stuck to him to his great annoyance. What would his father have thought if he had known that his son was sponsor to a miserable pill?

"How's your pills sellin', Doc.?" asked an errand boy who had come in for a dozen of Canfield's Carbolated Capcine Capsules.

"I don't know and I don't care, and I want you to stop calling me Doc. My name is Richmond."

"Of course," said the other, "Doc. Richmond. It's on all the boxes."

"Say, dry up," said Nicholas coloring.

The errand boy grinned and passed out into the street. But his words rankled in Richmond's mind. Why had he allowed himself to sell his good name—and for nothing, at that—for he did not believe that there would be any royalty coming to him.

He felt so disgruntled that on being sent over to the west side of town he stopped in at the Graphic office and looked over old files until knowledge of time left him.

When he returned to the office he was confronted by Blake, whose eyes nearly met his eyebrows, they were so big with anger.

"Richmond, you're seven kinds of a fool. Look at that letter and that bill."

The letter ran as follows:

"NEW HAVEN, January 28.

"MESSS. MILLER & BLAKE:

"*Gentlemen:* We are pleased to have been allowed to look at the terms you allow Mess. Carter & Co., of St. Louis, and take it as meaning that hereafter you will give us the same quotations on Haslitt's Kidney Kure and Hogg's Pepsine Pills. Our thanks are due the clerk who inclosed the bill.

"Yours truly,

"CARTER & Co., of New Haven."

"Did you send them that bill?" said Blake, his eyes blazing.

"I did," said Richmond blithely. "You see, I'm used to writing Carter & Co., New Haven, and so I addressed the envelope to them instead of to Carter & Co., St. Louis."

"What do we keep you for?" asked Blake explosively.

"I don't know, sir," answered Nicholas frankly.

Miller would have burst into a laugh at the boy's puzzled look, and that would have ended the matter, but Blake was of a different calibre.

"You go back to Mr. Sutcliff and tell him to pay you up to-morrow and then you git—to-day; *now!* I wouldn't have had Carter, of New Haven, know that I gave his brother better prices on those staples for all the good-for-nothing clerks in the country."

Richmond said nothing. He was never insolent. He slowly walked back down the length of the store to the cashier's office. On his way there it occurred to him that maybe there was something coming to him on the pills, and that Blake might hold it up unless he got it at once. He heard the tall partner go out and slam the door after him. He went calmly down to Mr. Sutcliff, the cashier, and said casually, "Please figure my royalty. It was payable on the first, I think."

Just then Miller, self-satisfied and smiling, waddled into the office.

"Shall I pay Nicholas his royalty, Mr. Miller?"

Miller was feeling good. He had been dining with Captain Simpson at Gerrish's chop-house.

"Yes, pay him, pay him. It's all he'll ever get out of his pills." And with his characteristic chuckle he went into his office.

"Sign that receipt," said Mr. Sutcliff, after a few minutes that seemed long to Richmond, who expected Blake to return any moment.

Nicholas took it and read it. It was a receipt for $567.32! His heart gave one sharp leap and he choked. He signed his name while phlegmatic Mr. Sutcliff took the check into the inner room for Miller's signature.

He heard a whistle, and then the little man hustled out with twinkling eyes and said warmly, "I congratulate you, my boy; but I tell you frankly you never earned it. How much are you getting a week?"

"Four dollars," said Nicholas briskly. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. Miller. I thank you very much for this, and I want to say that business is all right for those that like it, but I can't make myself think I like a thing I know I don't like. I want to resign and go to college."

It was astonishing, and it really hurt Nicholas to see how pleased the little Miller was at the idea.

"Go, my boy, and good luck to you. You're no fool, but you'll never set John Street afire."

As Nicholas left the office with a little package of his personal effects and his wages and royalty in his inside pocket he saw Blake turning the corner from William Street. Richmond quickened his pace and disappeared down Gold Street, wondering which he should choose—Yale or Columbia.

A Candid Publisher

IN THE recent death of J. Schabelitz, the famous Zurich publisher and author, the world of art and letters has lost one of its extraordinary characters. He was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skillful writer, and probably the most savage publisher who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the postal card, with the acceptance, the proviso: "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you didn't inclose enough postage. If you will send it, with the price of this card, I will send it to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For Heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at."

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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O'NEILL, the hero of the story, is a young American naval officer, a Lieutenant of the Bonhomme Richard. His sweetheart is the ward of a British Admiral. While Paul Jones is harrying the coasts of England the young Lieutenant goes ashore in disguise and risks his life for a glimpse of Elizabeth. Fate is against him, and his identity is discovered. He is placed under arrest as a spy, and, after refusing to buy his liberty by betraying his commander, is sentenced to be hanged. The young officer's escape from death—even after the noose is about his neck—is an ingenious story of great power and of strong dramatic intensity. The love interest is powerful throughout, and the story is brought to a most unexpected and dramatic conclusion. This story will begin in next week's POST.

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W. A. Fraser

CONTRIBUTES a striking mystery story that hinges upon the disappearance of a famous gem and an exciting chase for the thief.

The Brunswick Diamond

Chas. G. D. Roberts

THE Canadian poet, author of The Forge in the Forest, tells a pretty, old-time love tale of the Land of Evangeline.

An Acadian Coquette

Jerome K. Jerome

TELLS of the further adventures of his three heroes on their pleasuring through Germany on safety and tandem.

Three Men on Four Wheels

H. L. Fitz Patrick

THIS popular writer on amateur sport contributes a timely article upon poultry shows and fanciers.

Feathered Stars and Amateur Fanciers

Richard Henry Stoddard

AMONG the poetry in next week's POST will be found two exquisite little Japanese lyrics by Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the distinguished poet and critic, in title:

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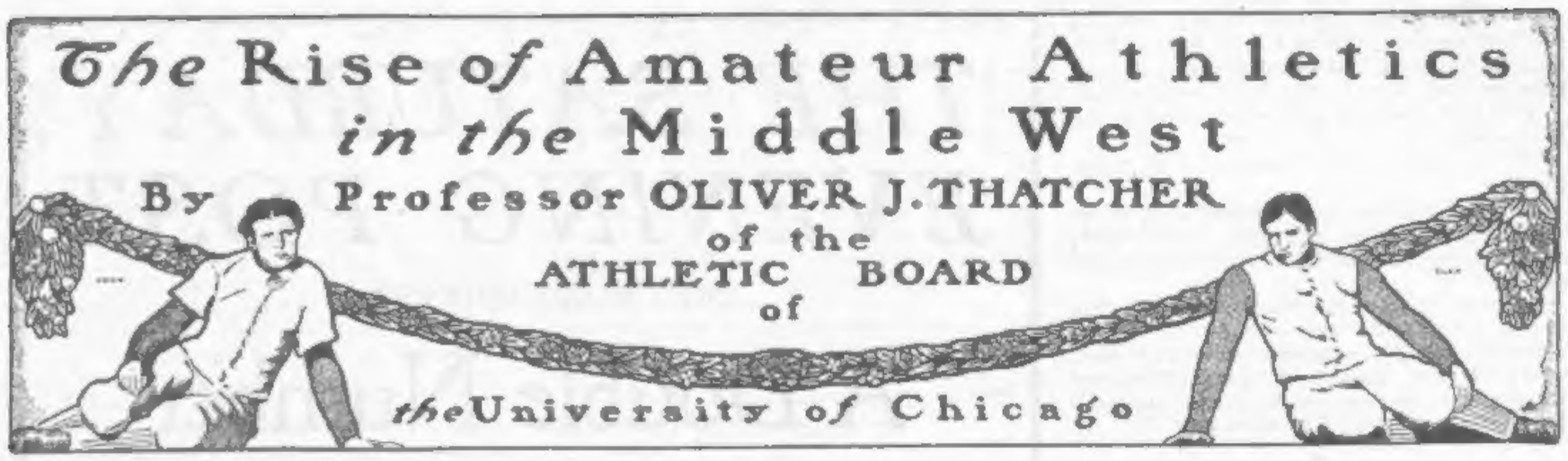
The Rise of Amateur Athletics in the Middle West



By Professor OLIVER J. THATCHER
of the
ATHLETIC BOARD
of
the University of Chicago

THE development in college athletics in the Middle West during the last few years has been so rapid and along such wholesome lines that their condition to-day is, on the whole, satisfactory, and the outlook exceedingly promising. From the first, the greatest dangers here have been connected with the financial management of the teams. A few years ago this was wholly in the hands of students, generally of a small body of them, who were united in some form of athletic organization. Since the highest end which such an organization had in view was the winning of games, its efforts, as well as its treasury, were exhausted in securing the best players who were to be had for the money. Many members of teams were in residence only during the season of play, others were only nominally in residence, and it occasionally happened that a man was not even matriculated in the institution which he represented on the athletic field. Even the playing of hired coachers was no uncommon thing. There were absolutely no restrictions or qualifications imposed by the faculty; athletics were left to take care of themselves. From the point of view of amateur athletics it is evident that a worse state of affairs could hardly have existed.

The University of Chicago took the first step in the much-needed reform by putting not only the financial management, but even the athletics themselves, entirely in the hands of the faculty. For the first three or four years the students were dissatisfied with this arrangement. There was a loud demand for winning teams, and all defeats were charged up by the students to the defects of the system. The stock arguments in favor of student control were used, and the athletic successes of the teams of other institutions under student management were pointed to. But faculty control was eventually justified by winning teams, and was adopted, either wholly or in part, in all the universities of the Middle West. With the athletic treasurer and manager accountable to the faculty for every expenditure, it became well-nigh impossible to hire athletes without the knowledge and connivance of at least some members of the faculty.

THE FIRST STEP TOWARD CLEAN SPORT

To improve the general athletic situation and to promote the same standards and qualifications, seven of the larger institutions—namely, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, North Western, Chicago, Illinois and Purdue—agreed to form a kind of Intercollegiate Athletic Board, consisting of one member from the faculty of each institution. This year Iowa and Indiana have been admitted to membership on this board. From the first it was agreed that reform should be brought about gradually. The first important step was the requirement that all members of teams should be *bona fide* students in actual residence. To have received money for athletic services was, for the present, not to be regarded as a disqualification. This was, indeed, a small beginning. But this board has held one or more meetings every year, and has by successive steps developed a set of excellent rules governing all intercollegiate contests. These rules are as wise, detailed and stringent, I believe, as those of any institution in the country, and are intended to secure absolute purity in college athletics according to the highest amateur standards. They practically give the faculty in each institution the control of its athletic interests.

It has been found easy to enforce the residence qualifications in the case of members of the baseball and track teams, their season coming, as it does, at the end of the scholastic year. But in regard to the football team greater difficulties have been encountered, since the faculty can have only the word of the student that he will remain in school after the close of the football season—it has not yet been possible to secure any final guarantee that all athletic representatives of the university will round out a full year of residence. Within the last two years both Michigan and Chicago have had most mortifying experiences in the withdrawal of some member of the football team as soon as the season ended. For the present it would seem that all that can be demanded is that due precautionary measures be taken, waiting for perfection in this until the time when college sentiment will make such conduct impossible because of the disgrace attaching to it. It must be admitted, however, that that time has not yet fully come, since the students of the two universities concerned do not, as a unit, condemn the conduct of the offenders, their brilliant achievements in hard-fought games being still related with pride by their student admirers.

A scholarship qualification was next adopted, and it was required that all members of athletic teams should at least reach the ordinary standards of scholarship required of other students. All the large institutions which entered into this agreement have shown evidences of their good faith by removing from their teams at critical times one or more of their best players. At first such action was bitterly criticised by the majority of students, but now the sentiment has changed, and the rule is being rigidly enforced without opposition and without exception.

THE SUPPRESSION OF PROFESSIONALISM

The next step forward was to prohibit the playing of all who had been guilty of professionalism. The seven universities agreed to play only those who by the strictest tests were found to be amateurs. Here the most widespread and bitter opposition was met with. Throughout the whole Middle West athletic skill and ability were regarded as a part of a student's stock in trade, and were to be disposed of in such a way as to bring their possessor the most substantial returns. In explanation of this view it may be said that there were scores of young men in these universities who were without means, but possessed with the desire to obtain an education and endowed with a good degree of athletic skill. Take a clever baseball player, for instance. The numerous State and city leagues were always ready to pay him well for his services. In the summer months he could earn enough money to pay a large part of his expenses during the following academic year. Would it not be folly to neglect such an opportunity? Why should a foolish sentiment restrain him? Would not a student, who was indigent but a good runner, be foolish if he refused to compete for a purse and a share of the gate receipts if he could thereby win enough to enable him to pursue, with some degree of comfort, his education at college the next year? These sentiments were so thoroughly ingrained in the mind of the student body as well as of the general public that, at first, reform seemed hopeless. In the face of this sentiment the work of rooting out professionalism was begun. Students refused to testify against their fellows, and even aided them in covering up their transgressions against the rules of amateur sport. Believing that the distinctions between amateurship and professionalism were of no consequence and unnecessary, some did not exert themselves to find out the truth about their athletes; and even when the truth became known they hesitated to put the stigma of professionalism on their mates and remove them from their teams. For instance, Michigan withdrew from the Western Intercollegiate Association and refused to compete because a member of her track team was disqualified for having coached a football team for money. Wisconsin persisted in playing on her baseball teams men who had been members of other teams which were notoriously professional. North Western followed the same policy. Chicago was represented on both the diamond and gridiron by men of whose professionalism proofs could have been obtained.

From this slough of professionalism our institutions have rescued themselves only by the most strenuous efforts. Is it strange that we did not reach perfection at a single bound? The campaign of education begun some years ago is not yet over. But I believe that the nine institutions named above are earnestly and honestly trying to live up to their high ideals as set forth in their body of rules.

THE BANE OF LOCAL RIVALRY

We still meet with a peculiar difficulty in this region. There often exists among neighboring villages, towns, small cities and counties an intense athletic rivalry. Taking advantage of this, the managers of county fairs and similar public gatherings increase the attractions of such meetings by offering purses for foot-races, for the best local baseball team, and the like. As a consequence, many boys still in the schools are persuaded to engage in such contests and thereby become professionals. After a while such a boy takes it into his head to go to college. Desirous of taking part in college sports, and feeling that in spirit he is an amateur and that his boyish offense should not be counted against him, he says nothing about it, but declares that he is an amateur. The facts in some such cases probably never come to light, but occasionally, after becoming a sure-point winner, he is protested by a rival institution and reproach is thereby brought on the university whose colors he has borne. We are still paying the penalty for the rank conditions which prevailed a short time ago. There is still need of a great deal of work. The distinctions between amateurship and professionalism are now being taught to the boys in the secondary schools, and they are constantly warned that their sins in this respect will find them out and that they will not be permitted to take part in college athletics. We can report great progress in this direction also.

A great deal might be said by way of comparison of ours with Eastern teams, but there is danger that it would be nearly profitless. An adequate idea of our standards can be acquired only by a perusal of the rules now governing the nine universities named above. These rules will also measure the progress we have made in the last seven years. They are as follows:

THE NEW STANDARDS OF THE WEST

1. No one shall participate in any intercollegiate game or athletic sport unless he be a *bona fide* student doing full work in a regular or special course as defined in the curriculum of his college, and no person who has participated as a college student in any intercollegiate game as a member of any college team shall be permitted to participate in any game as a member of any other college team until he has been a matriculate in such college under the above condition for a period of one year, or has obtained a college academic degree; and in the institutions represented in this conference preparatory students shall not be eligible to membership on the college teams.

2. No person shall be admitted to any intercollegiate contest who receives any gift, remuneration or pay for his services on the college team.

3. No student shall participate in a particular sport upon the team of any college or

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colleges for more than four years in the aggregate, and any member of a college who plays during any part of an intercollegiate football (or baseball) game does thereby participate in that sport for the year.

4. No student shall participate in any intercollegiate contest who has ever used or is using his knowledge of athletics or his athletic skill for gain. No person who receives any compensation from the university for service rendered by way of regular instruction shall be allowed to play on any team.

5. No student shall play in any game under an assumed name.

6. No student shall be permitted to participate in any intercollegiate contest who is found by the faculty to be delinquent in his studies.

7. All intercollegiate games shall be played on grounds either owned by or under immediate control of one or both of the colleges participating in the contest, and all intercollegiate games shall be played under student or college management, and not under the control of any corporation or association or private individual.

8. The election of managers and captains in each college shall be subject to the approval of its committee on athletics.

9. College football teams shall play only with teams representing educational institutions.

10. Before every intercollegiate contest the respective chairmen of the athletic committees of the institutions concerned shall submit to each other a certified list of the players eligible, under the rules adopted, to participate in said contest. It shall be the duty of the captains of the respective teams to exclude all players from the contest except those so certified.

11. Athletic committees shall require each candidate for a team to represent the university in intercollegiate contests to subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of the rules adopted.

12. No person having been a member of any college athletic team during any year, and having been in attendance less than one college half-year, shall be permitted to play in any intercollegiate contest thereafter until he shall have been in attendance six consecutive calendar months.

THE FINAL OUTLOOK

To reinforce and strengthen these there are other stringent rules in force in each of the nine universities, the purpose of which is to guard against the possibility of some peculiar local abuse or danger.

These rules will, I believe, be found amply adequate to the demands of perfect amateurship. The only question, therefore, is one of enforcement. Do the universities concerned live up to them? In spite of some mistakes, I believe they are all honestly and earnestly striving to do so. The men who have charge of their athletics are honorable and worthy of confidence. Of this they have given abundant proofs. Their teams are to-day clear of known professionalism, and, I repeat it, the condition of college athletics in the Middle West is, on the whole, satisfactory and the outlook exceedingly promising.

SAMUEL W. ALLERTON

AND HOW HE WON SUCCESS

SAMUEL W. ALLERTON is the founder of the live-stock trade in Chicago. He has been associated with every important civic enterprise of that city for forty years, and in 1893 was the Republican candidate for Mayor. He is a millionaire many times over.

"How did I get my start in life?" repeated Mr. Allerton when the question was put to him. "That is easily answered. I got my start by following the advice of my oldest brother, who was a cripple. The way of it was this: I was the tenth child born in my father's family. The other nine were given good educations, and were well taken care of by my father, who was in the manufacturing business in New York State. But in 1833, when I was four years old, the tariff was taken off the products of his factory, and not long afterward he failed in business. He went to Iowa to get a new start, but when I was twelve years old his health failed and he had to return to New York. I was obliged to go to work to earn a living, and at fourteen I rented a farm on my own hook in Gates County, New York. That farm I worked until I was nineteen years old, and during those five years I saved enough money to buy a farm for my father. I had left, after doing this, about six hundred dollars' worth of horses and tools.

HUNDREDS GROW TO THOUSANDS

"I then rented another farm, and in three years saved three thousand two hundred dollars and, besides that, built up something that was far more valuable to me—a character and a business credit. At twenty-two I could easily have borrowed five thousand dollars on my note, and that was a larger sum then than now.

"I debated somewhat whether I should continue as a farmer or embark in the cattle business, in which several of my forefathers had engaged, and finally decided upon the latter course. When it became necessary for me to leave home for the West, my brother gave me the advice which has guided my course through life. He said to me:

"'When you go out into the world you will meet many sharp, tricky, crooked men, but you will find that they always die poor. If you can form a character and establish your credit there can be no question about your ultimate success. Most failures in life are due to deficiency in character and a consequent lack of credit.'

"This bit of counsel is the key to whatever success I have achieved, and I believe it is the secret of all success, for a man can establish a credit in other things than business.

THE SECRET OF IT ALL

"Well, I settled near Bloomington, Illinois, and began buying, grazing and feeding cattle. I soon began to prosper, and built up a lucrative trade, shipping cattle to Chicago. But the panic of 1856 swept away pretty nearly all my capital, and I made up my mind to come to Chicago, where the world turned around once every twenty-four hours. There was then no packing done here, and no stock market, except for about three months in the year. I began by buying right through the whole year, and this was the making of the stock market in Chicago. Although nearly half a century has elapsed since I listened to my crippled brother's advice, I still think it broad enough to apply to the life of every man and woman."

OLD VALENTINES

BY CAROLYN WELLS

HOW rapidly Time shifts the scene!
Again it is St. Cupid's day,
And I must send to my Rosine
A gorgeous valentine bouquet.
Last year I sent the same to May—
Heigh-ho! I've led a blithe career—
They'd make a rather long array,
My valentines of yester-year.

In years beginning with 18—
I was unfettered, free and gay;
Each maiden seemed to me a queen,
And to each one my court I'd pay.
Now I'm engaged. Ah, well-away!
Rosina *is* a perfect dear,
But I would better not display
My valentines of yester-year.

No memories shall come between
My love and me. And I'll essay
To keep her life calm and serene,
And love her when she's old and gray:
Her lightest wish I will obey,
But still—I hope she'll never hear
Those verses that I wrote in play,
My valentines of yester-year.

L'Envoi

Cupid, my secrets ne'er betray,
Let me not realize my fear;
And may they be destroyed, I pray,
My valentines of yester-year.

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A Charming Ride

By Madeline S. Bridges

SHE (*radiantly*): Such a delightful evening for a drive! (*mentally*) and I am sure the dear fellow only asked me so that he might have an opportunity to ask me something else. (*To him:*) I am so fond of driving. I've often wished to have a——

HE: Whoa, there! Steady! steady!

SHE: They're a tiny bit wild, aren't they? The lovely things!

HE: So-o-o, Dan. Are you nervous?

SHE: Nervous? I could drive to the end of the world.

HE: He'd like to take you to the end of the world.

SHE (*archly*): *Who* would like to take me to the end of the world?

HE (*innocently*): Dan would. Once he gets going, you know——

SHE: This twilight landscape reminds me of the sweetest poem. It is called The Lovers' Ride.

HE: Quiet, Fanny! She's a regular bundle of nerves. There, little lady! there!

SHE: The lovers were riding at night——

HE: You see, she's not used to going in team like this. Beg pardon!

SHE: I was speaking of a poem——

HE: One moment. I think the check has —— No; it's all right. Hold up, you rascal! He'd pass everything in sight if I'd let him.

SHE: By the way, Mr. Chatman told me you were talking to him about *me* the other night. Would you dare to tell me exactly what you said?

HE: Why, of course. Let me think. I said—— Confound that girl! She deserves to have her neck broken. Did you see how she ran her wheel under the horses' very feet? More bicycle fiends! But we'll soon be on the river road, that's one comfort.

SHE: And it's so lovely and quiet there; (*softly*) and then you must let *me* drive.

HE (*promptly*): You? I wouldn't let you take hold of these reins for a fortune. But, I'll tell you what. We'll give them a regular spin, if you don't mind? They'll go so you won't hear yourself think.

SHE (*disappointed*): Oh, then we can't talk.

HE (*contentedly*): No—can't talk—when you ride, you ride. Now, now, sweetheart! What's the little matter with her? So-o-o, beauty!

SHE (*mentally and disquietedly*): There seems to be no trouble about talking to the horses! (*To him:*) I was sorry not to meet you at Mrs. Hoppup's the other night.

HE: Yes? Here, old fellow, this is the corner *you* like to turn. He just loves the river road. Shall we let them make time? We can go the stretch in twenty minutes.

SHE (*with wild sarcasm*): Oh, how very delightful! Then we can be at home so much the sooner?

HE: Yes. And they'll enjoy it.

SHE (*as before*): I am so charmed to know that they really will!

HE: Is your hat fast? Now, Dan, get up and go! Now, little beauty! Hay—o-o-oh! Is that a pace? Can they go, or can't they?

SHE: Wonderful! But don't talk to me. Give your attention to the horses. (*He does.*)

IN THE DARK WITH THE DREAM

By FRANK L. STANTON

I AM here in the dark with your face, Manette—
Here in the dark with your face;
I see o'er the dear brow the ringlets of jet
(Do you think of the kiss that I left on them yet?)
And the cheek where the rose-dimples race.

I am here in the dark with your face, Manette:
I have said, "It has faded away;
It passed with the spring suns that sorrowing set,
Where the joy and the moan and the melody met,
In the beautiful gardens of May.

"It passed like the mystical light
Of a star—like a wandering beam,
Revealing the darkness that dwells with the night—
The darkness the kiss of God's morning makes white—
Like a spirit that moves in a dream!"

But, lo! it is here, and I stand
And stare at the darkness alone.
Am I longing to-night for the touch of your hand,
As memory leads to Love's beautiful land
Where the roses are ever Love's own?

I know not. This only I know:
The grief and the glory are past;
And if it be roses, or if it be snow
In the vales where Love blossomed and sang to me so,
I shall rest in that Love's smile at last!

It is over—the peace and the pain:
Life's winter is white on the sod;
Perchance I shall dream all the dear dreams again
Under the sunlight, the rose and the rain—
Under the daisies of God.

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